









thor of *Anna Karenina* was steeped in the controversies of the 1870s; together with *The Brothers Karamazov* this novel comprehends the range of Russian intellectual and moral experience at the time. However, Tolstoy, like Dostoevsky, argues with his opponents on more than one level; while *Resurrection* is largely a tract, *Anna Karenina* shows an apprehension of life richer and more primitive than that of the intellectuals. It is concerned with the power of instinct, the unpredictability of events, and the tragic potentiality in human relationships. That last perception was to be fatally revealed in Tolstoy's own marriage.

His life, as Eichenbaum once remarked, was a succession of crises; the quarrel with himself never ended. Lenin explained the general crisis underlying Tolstoy's contradictions as that of Russian society itself after the Emancipation of the Serfs in 1861 and before the Revolution of 1905. Tolstoy, of course, lived to witness that revolution and to make his own forthright and often penetrating comments upon it. His position, according to Lenin, was that of the patriarchal peasant, to which the process of social change had driven him. But this diagnosis, even if broadly true, scarcely reckons with the long perspective it opened, or the depth of experience Tolstoy encountered in the village outside his gates, or from the many pilgrims and questioners who came to see him. Tolstoy's response to the nineteenth century's iron-shod march towards mechanization was deeply traditional. It reflected the seventeenth-century dissident and martyr, Avvakum; and, if in any sense religious, it was so in a form having little to do with the ethical post-Christian doctrine he preached. Lenin deplored him as a "holy fool", and in 1889 Tolstoy had declared in his diary a willingness to become "a

holy fool in my writing too". The temptation of flight from home, a taking to the road, was something entirely Russian, because freedom had always been found beyond the limits of government and the civilization it imposed.

Not long after he published *A Confession*, Tolstoy noted in an aside: "How Russians love the fundamentals of morality, without compromises." Coleridge he condemned later for suffering from "the English disease". Tolstoy granted, "he can think clearly, freely and powerfully; but as soon as he touches on anything that is respected in England, he becomes a sophist without noticing it". The youthful Tolstoy could turn into a sophist of another kind when persuading himself of the "obvious moral advantage" in having caught syphilis. But in his last years there are no traces of sophistry. We read the diary of a man who admitted only a few weeks before death that "in the matter of moral improvement" he still felt himself "a complete child . . . and a bad pupil, not very diligent". He was as quick as any of his critics to see the falsities in which he had been trapped, and he cried out, in Gorky's hearing as in his diary, to suffer. The comforts of his family life were for him "agonisingly shameful and terrible. Yesterday I rode past some stonebreakers, and it was as though I'd been forced to run the gauntlet" - a punishment in the Russian army no less drastic than keelhauling in the British navy. The government's policy of imprisoning or exiling his associates while he remained free could not have been more successfully calculated.

In April 1910 he recorded: "An insanely lovely spring. Each time I can't believe myself. Can this beauty really come again out of nothing?" He had been feeling the nearness of death; but when it was nearer still, in October,

on his walk he "felt particularly clearly and vividly the life of calves, sheep, moles, trees . . .". This awareness reduced the significance of human greatness, which others increasingly attributed to him. "The only thing we can wish of ourselves as men is not to do foolish things. Yes, only that . . .". More than the consciousness of having behaved well or done good work (a consciousness that seldom lasted for long), what reconciled Tolstoy to himself and the world was an infrequent sense of mysterious harmony in some moment, as in the spring of 1891:

I walk along a hard road, and nearby gaily dressed women are coming back from work singing lively songs. A pause between songs, and I can hear the measured tread of my feet on the road, then a song again, then silence again and the tread of my footsteps. It's good.

He continues: "When I was young, something always used to sing inside me, or often did, without any women's songs." On such occasions,

## Rediscovering a repertoire

A. G. Cross

SIMON KARLINSKY  
*Russian Drama from its Beginnings to the Age of Pushkin*  
357pp. University of California Press. £35.50.  
052052374

The path out of the *Sexual Labyrinth of Nikolai Gogol* down into the catacombs of pre-Gogolian Russian drama is not an easy one to follow, but Simon Karlinsky believed in his earlier work that he had grasped the necessary Ariadne's thread. In the envoi to *Russian Drama from its Beginnings to the Age of Pushkin*, the path now clearly beaten, Professor Karlinsky leaves us with Gogol's *Inspector General* (1836), the play that "casts a long, lingering look of farewell at the theater of Fonvizin, Kapnist, and Shakhovskoy and then sets off, full sail, for the new shores of nineteenth- and twentieth-century drama, where Russian playwrights would become an integral part of the international theatrical world". Karlinsky's own backward glance penetrates much further than the preceding reigns of Catherine II and Alexander I, when the Fonvizins and Shakhovskoy were active, and encompasses centuries when Russia's relationship with the West in things theatrical, as in so many other spheres, was that of apprentice and imitator rather than of partner and contributor. National pride and native originality fought the irresistible urge to imitate, but the Russians remained "Scythians in Paris-cut coats", as John Murray remarked to George Borrow in 1841, a view apparently shared by Karlinsky's contemporary interlocutors, but contested with typical verve and no little success by the author.

It was in the reign of Peter the Great's father, the worthy Alexei, whom modern scholarship increasingly identifies with Russia's positive but more moderate moves towards the West, that the secular theatre was born and the first literary - ie, scripted - dramas, the real subject of Karlinsky's investigation, were produced. If October 17, 1672, when the Tsar sat for ten hours, seemingly entranced, through the first performance of *The Comedy of Aristoxenos*, written by J. G. Gregori, a Lutheran pastor in Moscow, is a significant date in the history of the theatre in Russia, it is the Russian plays, *Nebuchadnezzar* and *The Prodigal Son*, written by Simeon of Polotsk shortly afterwards, that stand at the head of the native tradition. Rightly disputing the claims for *Aristoxenos* to be considered the first Russian play, Karlinsky gives to Simeon "the incontestable honor of being the first modern Russian poet and the first Russian literary playwright".

The recent appearance of a Soviet five-volume collection of Russian plays written from the time of Simeon up to the introduction of Neoclassicism in the 1740s has enabled Karlinsky to survey comprehensively not only the religious dramas of Simeon's followers, notably Dmitry of Rostov and Feofan Prokhorovich, but also the anonymous dramatization of the legendary adventures circulating in Russia as chapbooks and in manu-

script and providing subjects for popular prints. He finds qualities in some of the dramatic dramas that would make a modern imaginative revival "amusing and enjoyable", which is certainly not willing to concede to any of the tragedies or many of the comedies he appeared in the second half of the eighteenth century in the unmistakably Paris-cut coat of Neoclassicism. Curiously enough, it was a Neoclassical tragedy by the "Northern Racine", Alexander Sumarokov, that was the first Russian play to be translated into English in 1806; an English reviewer, writing in kind, proposed a series of structural and other changes that would have brought the play closer to the "unenlightened" Shakespeare whom Sumarokov had originally combined with Racine.

Russian Neoclassical tragedy, as exemplified in the work of Sumarokov or of his successors Kheraskov, Nikolev and Kniazich, conceives short shrift from Karlinsky, who nevertheless manages to discover the occasional nugget amid the fool's gold promoted by some Soviet critics and the general dross of Neoclassical comedies, in prose and verse, comic operas, bourgeois and lachrymose comedies, and dramas that the last decades of the eighteenth century accumulated. He willingly joins the chorus of acclaim for Denis Fonvizin's *The Minor*, "the best Russian play of the eighteenth century", which alone has remained in the repertoire from its first performance in September 1782 to the present day, but he also finds much to commend in Vladimir Lelchuk's *The Wastrel Reformed by Love* (1763), Bogdan Eicheninov's one-act comedy *The Gilded Undone* (1767), where suddenly "the Russian language was shown to be capable of subtlety and ready for *marivaudage*", Iakov Kniazich's verse comedies *The Braggart* (1786) and *Odd Fellows* (1790) and Pavel Potemkin's effort in a similar genre, *The Triumph of Friendship* (1773). But after *The Minor* is Vasilii Kapnist's satirical verse comedy about judicial corruption, *Chicane*, first performed in 1798 in the middle of the reign of "Crazy Paul", that stands shoulders above the rest. *Chicane* is one of the few plays Karlinsky would wish to see revived, but he will be pleased to know that in fact it has been - in Leningrad in September 1970. The local Leningrad newspaper began a review with the words: "*Chicane*, Kapnist's dramatist of whom Belinsky said that he was already 'completely forgotten', but we can praise the Krasnoyarsk Komsomol Theatre for its success in 'shaking the academic dust' from a worthwhile and entertaining comedy."

Professor Karlinsky has himself successfully shaken the dust from a whole library of little-known and less read plays; and this is especially the case when he moves into the first decades of the nineteenth century, treating with sympathy the briefly reviving fortunes of Neoclassical tragedy, with the admixture of sentimentalism and Ossianic evidences brought in by Vladimir Ozerov, and the witty and satirized comedies and vaudevilles of Alexander Shakhovskoy and Nikolai Kuznetsov. The book ends with chapters on Griboedov and Pushkin, and a convincing demonstration of their links with the dramatic tradition and the conventions of the eighteenth century.

## Dogged prosecution

Julie Neville

JOHN BRYSON  
*Evil Angels: The death of Azaria Chamberlain in the central Australian desert, and the events leading to judgement*  
550pp. Viking. £12.95.  
0670809934

Some crimes are instantly elevated to the status of myth because they touch a nerve deep in the national underbelly. The Azaria Chamberlain case is one such. Five years ago, Azaria, a nine-week-old baby, was reported stolen by a dingo in the Northern Territory of Australia, but after an extraordinary series of trials, the baby's mother was convicted of its murder. But it has just been announced, too late, alas, for inclusion in this book, that Mrs Chamberlain, who has been serving a life sentence with hard labour, has been released from prison because of the discovery "of startling new evidence".

The central emblem of the affair is the dingo, the native dog; representative of all that is misunderstood, beleaguered and some say rather noble in the Australian character; the hero that Australians need to believe in, epitomized by Ned Kelly. The dingo was blamed by Mrs Chamberlain for making off with her baby from their tent while they were on a camping holiday in the desert. This was no ordinary desert, but in the very heart of the Australian darkness, under the Aboriginal sacred site of Ayers Rock. From John Bryson's account in *Evil Angels* it would appear that, in the main, the Australian public was biased against the Chamberlains. They were Seventh-day Adventists: indeed Mr Chamberlain was a pastor in the faith. There is a rooted distrust of "womers" (Australian for Fundamentalist Christians), based on the conviction that all that grim (or too sweet) piety must be hypocritical. Moreover, Mrs Chamberlain is exceedingly pretty in an old-fashioned way. Demurely tantalizing, chillingly neat, she appeared in court in flowery dresses, immaculately starched. "I'd like to rumple up all that ironing", commented one typical male spectator at her trial.

Much of the evidence, both for the prosecution and for the defence, hinged on the opinions of forensic scientists, who at the outset were treated as ultimate authorities, but by the end were seen to be as fallible as the rest of us. The media played a sulphurous role. For exam-

ple, it was widely reported that the baby's name, Azaria, meant "sacrifice in the desert". It does not. But by the time the correction was publicized, the falsehood was generally believed.

The length and portentousness of *Evil Angels* are indications of the obsessional hold the case has on Australians, not least the author. According to the blurb the book has "occupied him day and night for the past four years". Bryson, with both a legal and a literary background, is well qualified to make what amounts to a plea for Mr and Mrs Chamberlain, but while the book is certainly a "vivid documentary" it is by no means "a major literary achievement". What it provides is a thorough (sometimes slightly tedious) analysis of the background and events of the case; but it conveys, too, a very real sense of some haunting enigma at the heart of it all, and it does so with touches of artistry.

There are many worrying anomalies. Someone broke into the Chamberlains' car while it was still in the police compound and left a syringe behind. After the initial discovery of the baby's clothes, they were moved to a different spot and neatly folded. The evidence of a reliable defence witness, another camper, was discounted at the trial, although she said she had distinctly heard the baby crying in the Chamberlains' tent at a time long after the prosecution claimed it had been killed in their car. Speculation about Azaria's death has been endless. It was thought that it might have been caused by one of her brothers (sibling rivalry being the great untold crime). Or perhaps Mrs Chamberlain, in a fit of post-natal depression, really did stab the baby in the car with the scissors (her husband then helping her to cover

up and invent the dingo story). But, if so, why did they then go off to buy souvenirs, then pose for slushy home-movies? In the end the story, if not the baby, has been worried to death.

Mrs Chamberlain lost much of her stretched glory in the court proceedings. If she had confessed and pleaded guilty, she would not have been sentenced to more than two years imprisonment. In Australia, infanticide is often not punished with a gaol sentence at all. If she was anyway punished enough by the trial, re-trial and appeal, during which she had to endure, day after day, descriptions by an "expert" such as the following: "Can you imagine a situation where the dingo was able to fasten its teeth on the child's face and carry it off?" "I wouldn't be able to. The facial tissues would be ripped away." On and on it goes, rivulets of blood, sprays of blood, and ostensible reasons why there were no saliva stains or dog hairs left on the pathetic little jump-suit.

*Evil Angels* leaves the reader uncertain about whether Mrs Chamberlain is guilty, but full of admiration for her courage. Her husband, needless to say, lost his faith; one of her small sons was subsequently blinded in one eye in an accident at a party. But, apparently, she remains unbroken. After giving birth in prison to another baby (which was taken from her) she named it Kahila. "Let them try to make something of that", she said.

*Evil Angels* would undoubtedly have much helped the committee which was campaigning to have her released from prison. The most interesting book on the subject, though, would concentrate on why so many ghouls wanted - no, needed - to believe in the Chamberlains' guilt.



An early Australian settler's hut.

## From the concubine class

Geoffrey Blainey

PORTIA ROBINSON  
*The Hatch and Brood of Time: A study of the first generation of native-born white Australians 1788-1828*  
Volume One  
369pp. Oxford University Press. £30.  
0193545699

It is not easy for a nation born as a convict settlement to come to terms with its birth. Many Australian families soon took pains to forget their convict ancestry, and the sneaking fear that the descendants of convicts might be inferior in physique and spirit made a cricket victory against England all the more satisfying in the 1870s. Two generations later, C.E.W. Bean, writing the story of Australia in the First World War, virtually swept aside the convict past, and in one forgetful but memorable passage he referred to Australia's history between 1788 and 1914 as "126 years of freedom". Meanwhile a few other historians shook hands with the convict founders by depicting them as village Hampdens, handkerchief thieves, merry poachers hankering after rabbit stew, or the victims of harsh English laws and oppressive economic conditions.

The tide of revisionism had now gone out too far: in the mid-1950s Manning Clark challenged these national and romantic stereotypes, and in 1965 Lloyd Robson went further with a statistical survey that gave no scope to the romantic. A decade later the first

feminist historians moved in and squashed what little romance remained by decreeing that Sydney was abominable in its treatment of women. *The Hatch and Brood of Time* indicates that the return tide has reached high water mark and is now likely to ebb.

Portia Robinson studies the white children born in early New South Wales and also looks closely at the parents, so many of whom were convicts. The colonial-born children multiplied quickly and by 1812 one quarter of the New South Wales population was under the age of twelve. Their increase was aided by the fact that infectious diseases were less prevalent in Australia. Moreover, we learn that infanticide was relatively uncommon, largely because child-bearing gave a convict woman "a reduction in hours of work and an increase in indulgences".

In spite of whether parents were married, family life was stronger than English observers realized, and indeed the colonial women were more sober and law-abiding than was suggested by the pioneering feminist historians of the 1970s, Anne Summers and Miriam Dixson. For such a misunderstanding, Dr Robinson partly blames Chaplain Samuel Marsden, whose "Female Register" of 1806 had crudely sorted the 1,430 women of New South Wales into two categories consisting of 1,035 concubines and 395 married women. An Irish girl who refused to be married in the Church of England was classed by Marsden as a concubine. Various widows, as well as those married women who were joined by a common-law marriage, were also classed as concubines. Generally, the colony's officials

and those who wrote from the remoteness of England assumed that the first generation of mothers, "tainted with the accepted image of whoredom and prostitution", must have constantly exposed their children to vice; but Robinson's conclusion is very different.

The book illuminates many sides of early colonial life: the rarity of child labour by English standards, the eagerness of the convicts' children to take up trades as well as land, and the preference of colonial-born women for bridegrooms who were likely to prosper rather than those whose background was respectable. She explains that the colonial-born ladies shunned the opportunities at sea; in their eyes the harsh treatment of free sailors was reminiscent of the treatment of convicts.

Her book is based on heavy research, more of which will surface when the second volume, consisting of documentary evidence, is published. This volume alone devotes eighty-five pages to end-notes, sources and four indexes, none of which includes the important Samuel Marsden: a single consolidated index might have been more helpful. Dr Robinson's success comes from sensible weighing and measuring but occasionally she seems unfair when discussing the opinions of observers from the Georgian era or modern historians. Thus her emphasis on the importance of the single man, proclaimed as "unrecognized until now", is found annually in undergraduate essays, where it was implanted by earlier historians. And yet, all in all, her work stands out not only for imaginative investigation but also for common sense in selecting explanations which others overlooked.

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Betty Burton's first novel, *Jude*, will be published by Grafton Books later this year.

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# Measuring the meritocracy

Adrian Wooldridge

RAYMOND E. FANCHER  
*The Intelligence Men: Makers of the IQ controversy*  
269pp. Norton. £14.95.  
0393 019829  
VICTOR SEREBRIAKOFF  
*Mensa: The society for the highly intelligent*  
317pp. Constable. £9.95.  
009 4660409

Intelligence testers have provoked more public hostility than almost any other group of experts. Radicals have presented them as cynical or deluded defenders of the established order; educationalists have accused them of shoring up a discredited system of school selection; and psychologists have suggested that they sacrificed their understanding of child development to their passion for measurement and classification. When Arthur Jensen, Hans Eysenck and Richard Herrnstein tried to revitalize intelligence testing in the late 1960s, academic criticism gave way to political hysteria. In Berkeley, Jensen was vilified in public demonstrations and threatened with death; in Harvard, Herrnstein was noisily accused of "misusing science" in support of "racial superiority, male supremacy and unemployment"; and in London, Eysenck was assaulted during a public lecture. In *The Intelligence Men: Makers of the IQ controversy* Raymond Fancher provides a highly readable account of the origins of this deplorable outbreak of radical bigotry.

Intelligence testing owed its inspiration to Charles Darwin's half-cousin, Sir Francis Galton. Repelled by popular "pretensions of natural equality", Galton argued that men differ widely in their natural abilities; that "characteristics cling to families" and "ability goes by descent"; and that ability is in principle capable of precise and objective measurement. He spent much of his life in an unsuccessful search for a valid test of ability.

His problem was finally solved by a Frenchman, Alfred Binet. Commissioned by the Minister of Public Education to pick out children with basic learning difficulties, he assigned an age level to a variety of simple intellectual operations, determined by the earliest age at which the average child could complete the task, and then ranked his subjects against their peers. His distinction between

mental age and chronological age resulted in a precise grading of the differences between children, providing an easily intelligible measure of the severity of mental defect, while his use of a sequence of age-related tests made it possible to gauge the unfolding of mental abilities. William Stern soon afterwards invented the notion of IQ by the simple arithmetical device of dividing mental age by chronological age and multiplying by 100, leaving a single number which was taken as an index of a child's ability.

Binet had always been sceptical of Galton's hereditary thinking, denouncing its "brutal pessimism", and designed a system of "mental orthopaedics" to improve the abilities of the retarded. Yet his tests were rapidly used to support Galtonian psychology. Charles Spearman, an English soldier turned scientist, set about placing Galton's arguments on a more rigorous statistical foundation. Brooding on the results of a number of tests, he came to the conclusion that all mental acts involve the use of two distinct types of ability: a "general ability" or "g", which was the same for every mental act, and a "specific ability" or "s", which reflected particular skills and was related to the type of act performed. "G" was naturally the more interesting quality for any mental tester: the more a test measured "g" and eliminated "s" the more it would reveal an individual's inherited abilities. By 1912 he was enthusing about the minimum amount of intelligence necessary to qualify "for parliamentary vote, and above all, for the right to have offspring".

Equipped with Binet's tests and Spearman's theories, this technique spread rapidly throughout the world, finding a particularly receptive audience in the United States. Lewis Terman standardized the tests for American schoolchildren and collected an enormous body of evidence about the gifted; Henry Goddard measured the abilities of the dull, using his results to argue for their segregation and sterilization; Robert Yerkes tested some 1,750,000 recruits to the army during the First World War; and David Wechsler developed a technique for measuring the intelligence of adults.

The most controversial question raised by testing was that of the relative roles played by hereditary and environmental factors in determining IQ scores. Galton had suggested that identical twins separated at birth might provide the solution to the problem, and several psychologists throughout the world began to look for twins. Sir Cyril Burt claimed by far the

largest and most perfect sample, using it to support his conviction that general intelligence was inherited rather than acquired. At the same time he developed a thoroughgoing biological interpretation of social stratification, arguing that, since inherited intelligence was the main determinant of an individual's social position, egalitarian social reform would inevitably fall foul of the facts of biology.

Burt's work came into renewed international prominence in 1969 when Jensen used it to support his claim that the fifteen-point difference between the IQ scores of whites and blacks in America might be open to a genetic explanation. Intended to undermine the main arguments for compensatory education, Jensen's claim naturally aroused a vast outpouring of demolitions and denunciations. In particular, Leon Kamin produced a withering review of the intelligence testing tradition, dismissing Burt's twins as figments of his imagination, emphasizing the connections between the early testing movement and eugenics and racial bigotry, and arguing for an environmentalist interpretation of group differences. His claim echoed John Stuart Mill's contention that "of all vulgar modes of escaping from the consideration of the social and moral influences on the human mind, the most vulgar is that attributing the diversities of human conduct and character to inherent original natural differences".

Fancher reconstructs this complicated story through a series of intellectual biographies, emphasizing the influence of personal experience on intellectual commitments. He also provides a useful summary of the arguments advanced by both sides, leaving the reader to make up his mind on their merits. His book is not a work of detailed research or sophisticated historical interpretation: anyone seriously interested in the subject should turn to Gillian Sutherland's *Ability, Merit and Measurement: Mental testing and English education 1880-1940* and Daniel J. Kevles's *In the Name of Eugenics: Genetics and the uses of human heredity*. But, within its self-imposed limits, it is readable, balanced and well constructed, examining the problem with clarity and eschewing the vulgar slogans which have so distorted the historiography of the subject.

One of the most dubious products of the intelligence testing movement was Mensa, the self-styled "society for the highly intelligent". Victor Serebriakoff writes with an insider's authority on the subject - he is now Honorary

President of International Mensa - and his book confirms what many have long suspected: that high intelligence bears little relation to such humdrum virtues as modesty, common sense, or organizational ability.

In its early days the Society was dominated by a bearded Australian, Roland Berrill. Turned down for a place at Balliol, Berrill tried to establish himself in university circles by acting as an uninvited rowing coach to the Balliol crew, running along the towpath yelling less than welcome exhortations and advice. He then hit on the more imaginative idea of creating a "high IQ club", financed and controlled by himself. Convinced that the club would carry influence in government circles, he used it as a vehicle for his eccentric ideas about astrology, phrenology, and radical dress reform. He appointed a woman to act as the "focus of loyalty" to Mensa, selecting her solely on the basis of "pulchritude" and helping her to don her splendid robes. She presided at Mensa dinners, sitting on a vast zebra-skin throne as the assembled aristocrats of the intellect discussed astrology, women's clothes and diaries.

Berrill's departure from the scene did not put an end to Mensa's eccentricities. Serebriakoff recalls that his attempt to revitalize the organization was hampered by a lunatic fringe of "litigious men of straw". Motivated by "persecution mania" and "underachievement's envy", these "misfits" and "loudmouths" mounted an unscrupulous campaign to take over the leadership of the society. They filed endless legal suits against the council, threatened Mensa employees with violence, announced the imminent death of their opponents, and sent innumerable poison-pen letters, hinting, for example, that Serebriakoff's son (a policeman) was a juvenile delinquent and that his daughter (a fifteen-year-old schoolgirl) had had two abortions.

What sort of people would want to join such a society? Serebriakoff's book suggests that many members are motivated by an unpleasant mixture of arrogance and idealism. It looks forward, for example, to a day when a world culture, created and dominated by Mensa, will make contact with intelligences on other planets. At the moment he is much exercised by the problem of whether to admit intelligent machines to the organization.

Despite its inelegance of style and incoherence of tone, Serebriakoff's book will be read by all connoisseurs of the cranky and cantankerous.

# Nasser and after

P. J. Vatikiotis

TAWFIQ AL HAKIM  
*The Return of Consciousness*  
Translated by Bayly Winder  
266pp. Macmillan. £22.50.  
0333 366700

RAFAEL ISRAELI  
*Man of Defiance: A political biography of Anwar Sadat*  
314pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £18.95.  
0297 78532X  
GILLES KEPEL  
*The Prophet and Pharaoh: Muslim extremism in Egypt*  
260pp. Al Saqi Books; distributed by Zed Books. £18 (paperback, £5.95).  
086356 1187

In the winter of 1972-3, while I was working on my book *Nasser and his Generation*, I visited Tawfiq al Hakim, the doyen of Egyptian letters, in his office in the Ahran Building in Cairo at least three times a week for several weeks, to discuss with him, and with others who would drop in, a variety of matters. Egyptians were not too happy at that time. Barely a year after Nasser's death a fierce power struggle broke out between his successor, Sadat, and some of his courtiers. There was a stalemate in the confrontation with the Israelis, who were still occupying Sinai and the East Bank of the Suez Canal. The country's economy was in great difficulty under the burden of enormous military expenditure. There was confusion and apprehension over the new President's intentions and policies, and 1973 was a year of widespread unrest.

The morale of all my friends - university teachers, writers and journalists - was shattered. The blind Sheikh al Imam's satirical songs were listened to avidly by everyone. The writer Yusef Idris had just published in November 1972 his brilliant allegorical piece in the *Ahran*, "Ana sultan . . . Qanun al-wujud" (I am Sultan [the Lion] . . . Law of Being), about the lion who had mauled to death its lambs, al Helou, on the opening night of the circus.

Before I left Egypt, al Hakim handed me the typescript of a critique of the Nasser régime entitled "The Return of Consciousness", dated July 23, 1972, saying "Publish it under my name, anywhere." By the time I began writing my own book, al Hakim's tract had been published in Beirut (1974), and there was an immediate outcry and a cacophony of vituperation and vilification of its author. A year earlier, Ahmad Hussein's *Kayfa araftu Abdel Nasser wa 'ishii ayyama hukmih* (How I came to know Abdel Nasser and lived the days of his rule), highly critical of the régime, was published in Beirut. Hussein had been the founder and leader of the Young Egypt Society (*Misr el Fard*) back in 1933, a radical rightist youth organization which Nasser joined in 1934-5. Louis Awad's equally critical *Aqni al-nasir* (*Who is Nasser?*) (*The Seven Masks of Nasserism*) appeared two years later in 1975.

The books by al Hakim and Hussein were by no means the first public critiques of Nasser and Nasserism. Earlier onslaughts were launched by, among others, the Muslim Brethren. (After a brief period of co-operation, the Muslim Brethren had fallen out with the régime of Free Officers over policy matters. When a Muslim Brother tried to assassinate Nasser in Alexandria in July 1954, the Brethren organization was proscribed, its property and other assets confiscated, several of its leaders executed, and scores of its members imprisoned.) One such critique was *Al-muqawama al-istisriyya fi qanat al-suweh* (Underground resistance in the Suez Canal) by Kamal al-Sharif, first published in 1954 and reprinted in 1957. The prominent journalist Ahmad al-Hul, co-publisher with his brother, Mahmud, of the leading Watlist daily *al-Misr*, and a close confidant of Nasser between 1950 and 1954, published his scathing attack on Nasser, *L'affaire Nasser*, in Paris in 1962. Yusef Idris's play *al-Rafiq* (The Friend) was published and first performed to packed audiences in Cairo in 1963. Although not a direct attack on Nasserism, the play was a denunciation of "the system". In the after-echo of the Muslim Brethren crisis of 1962-6, Nasser changed the organization's leading

ideologue, Sayyid Qutb, and on the heels of the shattering June 1967 defeat, demonstrating and rioting students in February and November 1968 publicly attacked Nasserism. A little-known publication by a Muslim Brethren sympathizer, Galal Kishk, *Madha yuridu al-talaba al-misriyyun* (What do the Egyptian students want) was published that year. Outside Egypt, Nasser and Nasserism were repudiated categorically when the United Arab Republic, the organic union between Egypt and Syria (1958-61), was broken up by a Syrian army coup d'état on September 28, 1961. Egyptian military involvement in the Yemen (1962-7) attracted further and wider attacks on Nasserism, the most prominent among these coming

from the West. "Bravado was the nature of Abdel Nasser", avers al Hakim, and his policy was one of "lies and delusions". Nasser's leadership - a dictatorial system of absolute presidency - "ruined Egypt and brought tragedy to the Arabs". Al Hakim likens Nasserism to Fascism and Hitlerism: "the elimination of minis and wills other than the mind and will of the leader". "The meaning of referendum", al Hakim writes,

when all the papers thump for the word "yes" in heavy red type and where the result comes out as 99.9% in favour, is that the country has no consciousness, no freedom, and finally no human dignity.

Perhaps one reason why not even al Hakim dared write his tract while Nasser was alive and



President Sadat praying for a successful outcome of the Camp David talks.

from the Saudi King Feisal who launched an Islamic Bloc to combat Nasserism.

Nevertheless, al Hakim's tract set his repudiating seal on Nasserism and its corollaries of Pan-Arabism and Arab Socialism in Egypt. That the well-known Westernized liberal playwright and essayist of the inter-war and post-war period should denounce Nasser's failed experiment was not surprising. After all, al Hakim had identified himself with a strictly secular, territorial Egyptian nationalism and national identity, unencumbered by the religious overtones of Islam, since the 1930s. One of his earliest plays, *Ahl al-Kalf* (People of the Cave, 1933), and his novel *Awdat al-rah* (Return of the Spirit), celebrating the 1919 revolt against Britain, attest to that. Nor was it surprising that he should write his tract and date it July 1972 to coincide with the shift in Sadat's policy orientation (the purging of Nasser's power cliques in 1971 and the dismissal of Soviet personnel from Egypt in 1972). It was clearly a deliberate and calculated inauguration of a national debate by al Hakim, who deplored Egypt's involvement with the Arab states as harmful and counterproductive, rejected the wider pretensions of an Arab and Islamic identity as unnecessary and superfluous, and boldly defended a secular Egyptian national identity. In order to render his initiation of the new debate plausible, let alone credible, al Hakim had somehow to explain his own participation, if only by omission and silence, in the "pharaonic" régime of the Free Officers, as well as the acquiescence in it of his fellow-intellectuals, who should have known better. Hence his excuse: "the loss of consciousness" in having followed blindly a prime demagogue. Nasserism, in other words, was the responsibility of both Nasser and people like al Hakim.

Nasserism, according to al Hakim, meant the destruction of the fledgling liberal-secular edifice that was erected by a Western-educated elite during the inter-war period - admittedly a certain consistency in his thought as this is expressed and reflected in his writings.

in power is suggested by Naguib Mahfuz's novel *al-Karnak* (The Karnak, Beirut 1973), with its depiction of the transformation of thinking men and women into willing minions, purveyors of the ruler's will, and sultan's preachers: intimidation, torture, indignity, atomization. Thus the prominent critic and playwright Louis Awad rejects al Hakim's thesis of "the loss of consciousness" or that of the Egyptian's proclivity to worship the idol-ruler. Rather the failure of the 1952 revolution, according to Awad, was due to Nasser's closed political system, his autocracy that was maintained by a "secret government", and the lack of public accountability or any other basic requirement of democratic rule. "The revolution", Awad insists,

abolished the difference between the state and government . . . With the defilection of the State the three powers of government - the executive, legislative and judiciary, even the fourth power, that of the press - were fused. They became the four arms of the Leader in whom was the will of the State.

Nasser claimed he had been greatly influenced by al Hakim's writings. He considered the importance of al Hakim's contribution to the nurturing of an Egyptian national - even revolutionary - consciousness sufficient to justify the bestowal of the highest state decoration on the ageing writer. Was al Hakim dishonest and obsequious in accepting the honour? Was he so flattered by the young officers' claim that they were fulfilling the prophecy of his earlier writings about a "blessed revolution"? Probably there was an element of vanity that succumbed to flattery, combined with a measure of genuine belief (not for too long, however) in the good intentions and capabilities of the Free Officers. Whatever the reasons or the motives, al Hakim too became a minion, a *farfi*, or *farfi* in native parlance, and hence his decision to make a public apology for his moral lapse - even a public confession and repentance - with *The Return of Consciousness*.

It would be unfair, though, to deny al Hakim a certain consistency in his thought as this is expressed and reflected in his writings.

Although highly critical of the Egyptian parliamentary system of the inter-war period, he equally rejected other systems of the time, Fascist or Communist. His fantasizing about a Great Leader verged on the Platonic if not the utopian. But he also held that a West European system of law and government was ill-suited to Egypt. That was the thrust of his delightful *Yawmiyyat na'ib fi'l-aryaf* (The Diary of a Country Prosecutor: English translation by Aubrey S. Eban as *The Maze of Justice*, Harvill Press, 1947) which, incidentally, the translator of *The Return of Consciousness* never mentions in his introduction. (Nor is his translation of al Hakim's text always felicitous, as it tends towards the literal.)

Only al Hakim could have written such a tract. In fact, it was somehow expected of him, not only as expiation of the intellectuals' sin of silence during a despotic régime and acquiescence in its excesses, but also as a signal for the resurrection of Egyptian secular liberalism and Egyptian territorial nationalism in the face of the onslaught from the extremist Muslim traditionalist restorative and radical populist movements.

Among al Hakim's critics and detractors, those who promote the radical or extremist Islamic cause in Egypt consider him an infidel secularist. Thus the public debates, following the conclusion of the peace treaty with Israel in 1979, in which al Hakim and Louis Awad on one side defended vigorously the idea of a secular Egyptian nationalism independent of Islam and Arabism against their Arab nationalist and Islamic fundamentalist interlocutors on the other, were published in Cairo in 1981 under the title *Al-in'izaliyyun f'Imar* (The Isolationists in Egypt). Together with *The Return of Consciousness* these are an indication of the polarization that marks any discussion of the National Question in Egypt, which discussion was actually initiated nearly eighty years ago. Al Hakim's tract is not simply, as the translator states in his introduction, "the intellectual forerunner of Sadatism". Rather it is a restatement, if not a reformulation, of an earlier thesis and position regarding the National Question in an old debate.

However hard, therefore, Raphael Israeli tries in his *Man of Defiance* to project Sadatism as the successor to Nasserism, it is ludicrous to base it on the notion that Sadat believed he was the "father" of the Egyptians, or on his perception of Egypt as a big "village" with himself as its "omni". Sadatism as a successor to Nasserism makes sense only in terms of the concentration and personification of power; that is, in terms of a hegemonist ruler. Sadat was very much the product of the same turbulent Egyptian urban political crucible of the early 1930s as Nasser; only Sadat was more restless, reckless and adventurous, and his involvement in the extra-parliamentary conspiratorial and violent youth politics of the country long antedated that of Nasser. He suffered persecution, imprisonment and cashiering from the army officer corps, whereas neither Nasser nor any of the other original members of the Free Officer conspiracy did. To this extent he was a rebel long before any of the others had turned revolutionary. Yet, in sharing with Nasser the same experience of politicization in the 1930s, Sadat became, like Nasser, a hegemonist who believed he personified Egypt's national destiny.

Equally conservative in values and perceptions, Sadat was at least on the surface a more devout Muslim than Nasser and, unlike Nasser, willing to identify with a vague Egyptian peasant ethos and culture. Thus he had, in his turn, to become a *rayes* (the master of a hydraulic society), a chief of men. He had the benefit of the experience of a man on the run from authority, as well as of an unfulfilled revolutionary promise under Nasser. This enabled him to arrest the "march of Egypt's folly" in persisting with a permanent war against Israel and a costly leadership of the Arab world. The October 1973 war cost Egypt ten million dollars an hour. By then, Egyptians had realized that their dispute with Israel was basically a territorial one (over Sinai); that their leadership of the Arab cause was making them miss "the economic bus" of the century, as well as lose their instinctive, millennia-old secular approach to life for survival.

These are the important ingredients of the Free Officer saga which Dr Israeli, with his

# Civilization's discontents

Anthony Clare

RICHAUD WARNER  
*Recovery from Schizophrenia: Psychiatry and political economy*  
380pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £25.  
07100 99797

Schizophrenia is a severe mental disorder in which the afflicted person's ability to recognize reality and his or her emotional responses, thinking processes, judgment and ability are so affected as seriously to impair general functioning. It affects approximately one person in a hundred, most commonly strikes during late adolescence, and, in the Western world, appears to have a somewhat grim prognosis. Despite the development during the post-war years of potent anti-psychotic drugs, there has been no significant change in the course and outcome of the condition since it was first described in a systematic way by Emil Kraepelin almost exactly a century ago. Complete recovery occurs in less than 20 per cent of patients while about 50 per cent of those who experience an insidious onset never fully recover and remain quite seriously impaired.

All of this and a great deal more form the constituent elements of this substantial book by a British-born and trained psychiatrist currently working as director of a mental health centre in Colorado. Indeed, the book is useful as an up-to-date review of the biological, genetic and psychological factors which appear to determine the distribution and the course of schizophrenia and the organic disturbances thought to underpin the syndrome. But Richard Warner is not merely summarizing

available data and knowledge. He is propounding a thesis which, given its social and political emphases, is somewhat at odds with the physical emphases which currently dominate psychiatric research and thinking, particularly in North America.

Warner is puzzled by the finding, first reported by the World Health Organization's International Pilot Study of Schizophrenia, that the outcome of schizophrenia is actually better in Third World countries than in modern, industrialized societies. He explores the potential role of stigma, unemployment, community support and social integration as well as more orthodox factors such as treatment facilities and the impact of drugs, and he concludes that whereas material conditions do not create schizophrenics they do mould the course and outcome of the illness and, along with other factors, influence its prevalence.

He contrasts the reabsorption of schizophrenic patients within society in the developing world with what passes for community care in North America, Britain and Western Europe. As a recent and impressive series of articles on the subject in *The Times* powerfully revealed, the run-down of the large, isolated mental hospitals and the dispersal of substantial numbers of treated and half-treated psychotic patients into society has not been an unqualified success. The community facilities, the half-way homes and hostels, the sheltered workshops, the day hospitals and centres, have not been developed to the level necessary to ensure proper treatment and rehabilitation for many of these patients. The result has been that an unknown but suspiciously high number are left to live socially deprived and isolated lives in boarding houses, rehabilitation centres, or even

Skid Row. Despite the greater involvement of the community there is still precious little evidence that mental illness has lost much of the stigma that has affected those who suffer from it and those who struggle to treat them. The result is that schizophrenia is a poorly studied disease, resources for the treatment and rehabilitation of schizophrenics are, with a few notable exceptions, inadequate, and they and their families remain relatively estranged from society. The impact of rising unemployment has been such as to make the whole dismal situation even worse.

It has been known for many years that the condition seems to cluster in the lower social classes and that inner-city populations have significantly higher prevalence rates. The conventional explanation has been that people with the greatest risk of developing the illness drift into lower-class occupations and low-income city areas as a result of their marginal, pre-psychotic levels of social functioning - the so-called "social drift hypothesis". Warner is not impressed with this explanation. He is impressed, however, by the fact that in the Third World the relationship between class (and caste) and schizophrenia is reversed. In the developing world, it is upper-class, better educated individuals who seem more at risk, but as industrialization increases, this pattern switches around to conform to that found in the West. It is difficult to explain such findings by either the social drift hypothesis or by genetic factors. Warner looks to social and economic factors and the remainder of his book is devoted to evaluating the evidence and sustaining his case.

This is well argued and persuasive, even though it seems he seems a little too anxious to

accept other people's hypotheses as fact in so far as they support his own. I am not persuaded, for example, that, here is right in arguing that schizophrenia actually increased with the onset of the Industrial Revolution in Britain and I await with anticipation the outcome of current historical excavations into seventeenth-century diagnosis and treatment of severe mental disturbance.

But without doubt this is an impressive book and one deserving of a non-professional readership. It contains numerous detailed and weighty tables and disquisitions of the relationship between health, illness and the economy which may overwhelm some lay readers. But at a time when public interest is high, when concern for those who suffer from schizophrenia seems genuine and persistent and when there is much goodwill towards those who treat them, *Recovery from Schizophrenia* provides a most readable and comprehensive account of the present state of knowledge.

*Self-Deception and Self-Understanding: New essays in philosophy and psychology*, edited by Mike W. Martin (316pp, University Press of Kansas. \$29.95. 0 7006 0264 X). Includes Part One, entitled "Defending the self: self-esteem and excuses", an essay on "Collaborative comparisons: the relationship of self-deception and excuse-making", by C. R. Snyder, while Part Two, "Shaping the self: inner dignity and social coping", includes an examination of "Social psychological strategies of self-deception" by Daniel T. Gilbert and Joel Cooper. Part Three is entitled "Commitment to values: rationally and morally", and Part Four is called "Pursuing paradox and guilty and skepticism".



oppressively repetitive narrative of minutiae, misses. One could nitpick over errors of fact in the narrative. More important, however, is the author's failure to realize that, like Nasser, Sadat – a key figure in that peculiar generation of politicized young army officers – could not escape the return to the more native (Pharaonic, Mamluk?) idiom of rule. In order to neutralize all opposition and eliminate all traces of his predecessor's persona and legacy, Sadat opened the Pandora's Box of Muslim fundamentalism by encouraging and emphasizing the Islamic basis and dimension of his policy, leading to serious communal trouble, the erosion of national unity and ultimately to his own assassination.

The consequences of Sadat's policy are illuminated by Gilles Kepel's *The Prophet and Pharaoh*. It is an analytical survey of the very organizations and movements Tawfiq al Hakim abhors – for they demand the fusion of sanctity and power, insist on the intimate connection between faith and earthly power, and promote the extra-territorial organic link between Egypt and a wider Arabo-Islamic nation, culture and destiny. They consider all secular rulers as usurpers, since they neither implement God's word nor enforce His revealed sacred law. On the one hand their members shun the sinful – literally, ignorant (*jahliliyya*) – society they live in, and on the other they wish to purify it by an apocalyptic act – violent and forceful – of Islamic deliverance. Only in an Islamic state and society, they insist, can a believer lead a truly Muslim life.

## The President and the professors

Adam Watson

**JIMMY CARTER**  
*The Blood of Abraham: Inside the Middle East*  
257pp. Sidgwick and Jackson. £13.95.  
0283 992611

**STEVEN L. SPIEGEL**  
*The Other Arab-Israeli Conflict: Making America's Middle East policy, from Truman to Reagan*  
522pp. University of Chicago Press. £23.75.  
0226 769615  
**ALAN DOWDY**  
*Middle East Crisis: U.S. decision-making in 1958, 1970, and 1973*  
416pp. University of California Press. £38.95.  
0520 048091

The single-term presidency of Jimmy Carter is generally recognized in the United States as a failure, not least in the Middle East. But the Middle East was also the scene of his outstanding success: he is responsible for the Camp David accords with Israel and Egypt, a unique peace treaty between the two principal combatants which he negotiated personally with Menachem Begin and President Sadat. Carter worked extremely hard on the Middle East during his four years in the White House; informing himself in greater detail than any other president. Hermann Eilts, the United States Ambassador to Saudi Arabia and Egypt, has testified that "the detailed knowledge that President Carter acquired was truly astonishing. So was his sense of balance." Carter has since continued to study the issues involved, by conducting detailed discussions in the Middle East, and by organizing and co-chairing with ex-President Ford a bipartisan "Consultation" at Emory University in Georgia, which was attended by prominent statesmen and scholars from Israel, its Arab neighbours and the Soviet Union. Accounts of these discussions figure prominently in *The Blood of Abraham*.

The problem which Carter addresses in this book is how to convey his diligently acquired understanding to the American public, and particularly to the serious, church-going public outside the sophisticated metropolitan cities. A "born-again" Southern Baptist and Sunday School teacher, he sets his message in a biblical context of scriptural travails. The blood of Abraham flows in the veins of both Jews and Arabs (Carter records that Begin was somewhat disconcerted when Sadat made this point), and the Holy Land is sacred to Christians, Jews and Muslims alike. "Why then," he asks, as so many do in well-attended church

The sole purpose of political activity and the principal function of government, therefore, are to make this possible.

The confrontation between "Pharaoh" (the Egyptian state, governed and supported mainly by a Western-educated élite of professionals, intellectuals, landowners, entrepreneurs, army officers and bureaucrats) and "prophet" (those militant Muslim revisionists who wish to implement God's will on earth) began in earnest in the 1940s. The Society of Muslim Brothers (*Ikhwan*) which was founded by the charismatic schoolmaster Hasan el Banna as a charitable religious organization in Ismailiya in 1928 was by 1947-8 the most serious challenger of state authority and the greatest threat to state security, offering a vision of an alternative socio-political order to that of the secular state. Pre-1952 governments had already mauled it and weakened its leadership and organization (its Supreme Guide, Hasan el Banna, was assassinated by state security agents in February 1949). Nasser subsequently proscribed it and smashed its notorious (paramilitary) "Secret Organization" early on in 1954-5, because it constituted the major challenge to his rule and the most serious threat to his power. Its leading figures languished in prisons and concentration camps, embittered and frustrated with "Pharaoh's" despotic régime.

It is Kepel's contention that from the trials and tribulations of the Brothers emerged the new militant Islamic movement of which the *Ikhwan* was the prototype. More activist and

violent, its ideological base was constructed by Sayyid Qutb. This new ideology simply proclaimed the Egyptian state and society as non or un-Islamic and therefore in need of purification and deliverance. It more or less condemned those who led it as usurpers since their authority was in question: it was not based on proper Islamic precepts. With the earlier mother organization deprived of a charismatic leader and in disarray as a result of repeated blows and persecution by the authorities, new clandestine militant, populist groups emerged to carry on the struggle against the sinful state and order, all of them more or less taking their cue from Qutb's writings. Such are the various Muslim societies which surfaced and made the news headlines either in violent clashes with Copts or the security forces, or with their kidnappings, assassinations and attacks on state installations in the 1970s and 80s.

Kepel's narrative about these groups, their ideological premisses, political connections, organization and activities ranging from the bloody attack on the Military Technical College in 1974, the abduction and murder of a Minister of Waqfs, clashes with the army and police in Middle and Upper Egypt to the assassination of Sadat in October 1981, is the most detailed in English to date. He rightly emphasizes the hostility of these new militant groups to official, traditional, quietist and reformist Islam since, in their view, there can be only one uncompromising, pure and total Islamic society.

In presenting these very important – and

dangerous – splinter militant groups from the mainstream Society of Muslim Brothers movement of twenty-five to thirty years ago, Kepel thinks – erroneously, in my view – that they differ from the original movement in so far as they seek state power through violent action. But the original movement did so too, especially under its founder and Supreme Guide in the 1940s and again later in the early 1950s. I do not think Kepel has done his homework on the earlier Society and its squabbles over the particular issue, for he does not seem to have perused several sets of memoirs that have appeared in the past decade.

On a more important and wider issue Kepel considers Egypt a paradigm for the manifestation of militant Islamic movements. This may be a hasty judgment, the result perhaps of working closely and intensively on the smaller militant groups. The danger is that he minimizes the longevity and resilience of Egypt's state structures and institutions, clad among them the army, the bureaucracy and the security services, all of which go back over a hundred years, not to mention the official religious institutions.

That there is a confrontation between Prophet and Pharaoh in Egypt is certain; it is very old confrontation. But that a prophet is about to achieve earthly state power is not so certain. Egyptianism (Pharaoh?) will remain pitted against Arabo-Islamism for a long time to come. Even if the prophet attained power he would have to transform himself into pharaoh in order to govern and survive.

## After – and before? – the managed economy

Roderick Floud

**AUBREY JONES**  
*Britain's Economy: The roots of stagnation*  
158pp. Cambridge University Press. £17.50.  
0521 30816X

The Westland affair has exposed once again a deep ideological division within the ranks of Conservatives and their natural supporters, industrialists and businessmen. On the one hand, there are the fundamentalists, confident that all will be well if the free market is allowed to operate; on the other, there are the managers, keen to offer and accept government help for commerce and industry and even some mild management of the economy as a whole.

To the fundamentalists, Britain has been on a downward path for years, betrayed first by those who decried business achievements during and after the Industrial Revolution and later by those who pretended that the state could beneficially control and encourage economic growth. They stress long-term cultural weaknesses and a consistent failure to expose British industry to the rigours of open markets. Their remedies are structural and, in this, they have much in common with many sections of the left who stress long-term decline and the need for major change. To the managers, the

failure is more immediate; they are not greatly concerned with Britain's economic history, but with the fact that British governments since the Second World War have not been sufficiently firm or consistent in their macro-economic policies nor interventionist enough in industrial affairs. Like many on the centre or right of the Labour Party, they have faith that good management could still revive the economy.

Aubrey Jones is and always has been a manager. He was one as Minister of Fuel and Power and of Energy between 1955 and 1959, as head of the Prices and Incomes Board from 1964 to 1970 and, since then, as director of Courtaulds, Thomas Tilland and Guest Keen and other leading British companies. He has drawn the scorn of erstwhile colleagues: Enoch Powell, most fundamental of the fundamentalists, once wrote of the Prices and Incomes Board as that "Great Panjandrum whose renegade conservative chief appears to have an insatiable appetite for advising everybody and managing everything".

Autobiography is an unusual form of economic history, but *Britain's Economy* attempts to blend Jones's reflections on the long-term state of the British economy with an account of his own role in shaping it since the Second World War. Inevitably, there is more than a whiff of apologia about the book, but this is redeemed both by Jones's insights into British economic

history and, particularly, by his useful account of his years at the Prices and Incomes Board.

Though a manager, he is not an unquestioning one. He takes seriously the views of those historians who have discerned long-term weaknesses in the economy, whether those weaknesses were the effect of the culture of the gentleman, as advocated by Martin Wiener, or the "institutional sclerosis" discerned by Mancur Olson. Jones accepts that they have a case, buttressed by the obstinate failure of the rate of British economic growth to budge much, or for long, above 2 per cent since the Industrial Revolution or before.

But he remains sceptical of such universal explanations, and rightly so. For it was in the era of the managed economy, in which he took part under both Conservative and Labour governments, that Britain both recovered from the Second World War and achieved growth rates faster than at any other point in her history. Little was heard in the 1950s and 60s about congenial weakness and irremediable decline. Though the verdict was always "could do better", it is difficult to find any economy of which that was not said. Britain did do better in those years. Whether we did better because of the work of Jones and other managers is more problematical. Most studies of the work of the Prices and Incomes Board have suggested that it had little impact on prices or wages, though it provided a great deal of information about the economy. Nor did Jones's years in charge of energy policy, which coincided with the over-rapid expansion of nuclear power, set us on the right course to achieve a rational mix of energy sources, though he could not of course foresee the difference North Sea oil would make.

What was certainly not achieved was the primary objective of Wilson's technological revolution, in which Jones was a leading agitator, to shift the economy from low-tech to high-tech. As economic historians have increasingly realized, and as Jones stresses in this book, Britain's economy has not been capital-intensive; we have tended to use a lot of labour,

often highly skilled, to produce and sell goods of low unit value, importing high value added goods in return. While this benefited employment, and even led to labour shortages in the 1960s, it left the economy dangerously exposed; with the failure of attempts to change in the 1960s and 70s, only oil saved us. The destruction of all types of manufacturing industry in the last few years has made matters worse, with the expansion of services unlikely to prove a similar saviour.

What remedies does Jones propose? Partly, he wishes to improve British management, of which his years in industry have given him a bad impression; he does not seem to know, however, how this can be done. His strongest prescription, therefore, is concerned with defence expenditure. Increasingly, critics on the left have seen the high proportion of national income devoted to defence as a primary reason for our failure to research and innovate. Jones takes a different view. He proposes to turn our exceptionally high defence expenditure to advantage, by forcing the Ministry of Defence to take a much broader view of its responsibilities, funding basic research as well as weapons development. The nationalized industries, he feels, should do the same, and privatization is likely to prevent this and make matters worse. Last, there should be much more technological collaboration within the EEC.

In all these respects, as he points out, the example of the United States – at least in what it does, rather than in what it says – is encouraging. But, as the Westland affair shows, the managers have simply not convinced the fundamentalists. The chimera of a free market, untrammelled by the state, in defence procurement is still being pursued, while all the other policies which Jones exemplified and still defends are derided from both right and left. His book is, for that reason, a sad and often a depressing one but, given the vicissitudes of British economic policy in the past, his time will probably soon come again.

Gillian Tindall

**JEREMY SEABROOK**  
*Landscapes of Poverty*  
135pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £12.50.  
0311 45087

In *Landscapes of Poverty* Jeremy Seabrook has created an impassioned tract in which a metaphor, instead of simply illuminating his distaste, becomes 'the dominant motif to which all facts are subordinated'. His overt affiliations are Marxist, but it seems to me that his real masters have been the great nineteenth-century virtuosos of peroration, castigation and polemic – Dickens, Kingsley, Carlyle and, most of all, the horde of Nonconformist preachers warning society of the evil of its ways and of the darkness to come. It is almost a relief when, a few pages before the end of what I am tempted to call his "sermon", he alludes directly to one of these models: "we see on a world scale what Thomas Carlyle saw a century and a half ago in Britain". It is the sort of comparison which has some truth but which does not entirely stand up when you come to analyse it. It is also the sort of comparison with which *Landscapes of Poverty* is not only filled but upon which it is predicated.

The book takes the form of an interplay between the literal landscapes of poverty, housing estates of our own society or the mills and slum towns of India, and the mental landscapes of those trapped in poverty. In it the metaphor is elaborately worked out: it compares the physical dislocation and degradation of the early nineteenth-century farm-workers, huddled in the new industrial towns, with present-day consumerism allied to the traumas of de-industrialization and unemployment.

This time, it has been only the psychic structures that have been broken and reassembled. It is the internal landscapes that have borne the scars: "a breaking of relationships, a destruction of associations, with their accompanying absences and loneliness, mental disturbance and emotional breakdown, violence against ourselves and each other, dependence on drugs or alcohol."

At first the metaphor is seductive. But the more it is insisted on the more doubtful and questionable it becomes. Were not mental disturbance, violence and heavy drinking common in Victorian cities too? (And, for that matter, in modern-day Indian cities which are, in economic and human terms, at much the same stage as the Western cities of a hundred or more years ago.) And would not Seabrook's picture of the British working class have been more convincing, as indeed his more journalistic sketches of Indian poverty is – if he had not

The breaking and remaking of the whole character of the working class in response to a new international division of labour would never have been possible without that transformation of what came to be thought of as the "classic" landscape of capitalism. That is why during the second half of the twentieth century, the familiar images of industrialization have been so carefully re-worked. The factory chimneys with their parabolas of smoke bending to the wind, the dust and heat of the foundries, the rows of houses subsiding on their ledge of a mountain of coal, the metal skeletons of the shipyards... are in the way of being effaced.

Of course it is politically satisfying and psychologically interesting to see this effacement as "sinister... a reconstruction of history". But a small voice inside one insists that all this has more to do with the coming of electrical power and the aeroplane.

You cannot pursue the conspiracy theory of events as vigorously as Seabrook does without having some alternative vision to offer, and he does. As one would expect, it is the opposite of consumerism and the profit-motif: "the goal of self-sufficiency for all". But his concept of how this kingdom of heaven upon earth should be brought about is no more carefully developed than those of the old-time preachers. He seems not to realize that trade, manufacture and indeed cities themselves are all older than history. He remarks that he has lived for some months "with great joy" in a de-monetized culture in Nagaland, where neither rice nor shelter was a marketable commodity, but as he does not elucidate any further, such a simple recipe for the evils of civilization seems rather like re-inventing the wheel – or perhaps de-inventing it – on the grounds that it does not work perfectly.

A third edition of A. H. Halsey's *Change in British Society* has recently been published (214pp. Oxford University Press. £12.50; paperback, £4.95. 019 219 2183). Based on his Keith Lectures of 1977, this new edition has been expanded and brought up to date.

And would not Seabrook's picture of the British working class have been more convincing, as indeed his more journalistic sketches of Indian poverty is – if he had not

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## Disimproving prospects

J. K. L. Walker

**WILLIAM CAMP**  
*Stroke Counterstroke*  
191pp. Michael Joseph. £9.95.  
07181 26696  
**PETER DAVIES**  
*The Last Election*  
234pp. André Deutsch. £8.95.  
0233797761

"Britain", reflects a character in William Camp's new novel *Stroke Counterstroke*, "was run by about two hundred people and perhaps fifty or sixty of them were milling around in those beautifully-proportioned, famous rooms, congratulating themselves on having been asked." The people are less beautifully proportioned than the rooms, it soon appears; their moral architecture is cramped and shadowy, held up by all-too-visible balks of self-interest. High politics means low intrigue as a prime minister prepares to retire and the fight is on between potential successors. Robert Loyd, "Overlord", Home Affairs, nurtures masochistic fantasies of being walked on by his domineering sister-in-law and political adviser Geraldine Hughes; together they conspire and cabal in slabs of dialogue that lie uncooked on the page. Their rival, William Crutcher, "Overlord", Foreign Affairs, notoriously tired and emotional, finally puts paid to his chances by eating quails' eggs in their shells at a party, and vomiting over his detectives and the Aubusson carpet. Loyd's own prospects are materially improved by his association with Irwin Gance, a shady financier, although the secret trust fund set up by Gance and his cronies becomes a political embarrassment.

Quite how seriously Camp expects the reader to take all this is hard to determine. Artifice is plain in the prefacing of the novel with a cast of characters, many bearing mildly facetious names — Dworfmann, Venus Black, Reg Crook — thus preparing the ground, it seems, for broad political satire of a familiar kind. Novelistic ingenuity expands the action from

the struggle for the Party leadership to its repercussions on a nationalized industry struggling to survive trade-union rapacity, and on a wide range of political and personal relationships. The naked corruption, self-seeking and sexual by-ways charted reduce the world of the two hundred to a parochial toy-town whose wooden figures perform expected if none-too-nice motions, good for a deprecating smile. Against this, there is a hard knowingness of tone and an absorption in the detail of political machination which suggest that the author's own experience of the beautifully proportioned rooms and of nationalized industry is being put to good use. Artifice, perhaps, has the upper hand in the end; readers in Whitehall and Westminster will, of course, as always, know better.

Where Camp takes the reader back a decade, Pete Davies, in *The Last Election*, jumps forward to the 1990s when London, the setting of the novel, and by extension Britain after years of rule by Nanny and the Money Party, is on the verge of social and moral collapse. Drugs, violence, endless televised snooker, slum hospitals, pot-holed roads crammed with bike-boys and private Third-World buses, fun-palaces for the unemployed young and involuntary euthanasia pills for the threatening army of oldies, form a menacing background to the rich, young, successful, despairing club-owners, television commentators and advertising copywriters barricaded in their gleaming offices and apartment blocks. Davies works off his anger at Thatcherite Britain by devising endings of Jacobean gruesomeness for morally supine characters, while seeming to accept that drugs, which are half the problem for goodies and baddies alike, are here to stay.

Inventive, vicious, wildly overwritten in ad-man's prose, *The Last Election* has an underlying, if simplistic moral concern which might be seen as justifying its terrorist tactics. As in *Stroke Counterstroke*, the characterization is little more than a peg on which to hang appropriate role costumes. Politics may be about people, as the Liberal Party used to suggest; but so, too, are novels, even political ones.

## Cash-flow and ebb

Christopher Hawtree

**GUY BELLAMY**  
*The Nudists*  
294pp. Secker and Warburg. £9.50.  
0436039427

"A distinction, of course, must be drawn between the naked and the nude", remarked Graham Greene in a review of *Eve in the Sunlight*, one of those healthy, efficient volumes so popular in the 1930s.

These plump alabaster haunches posed among the wild flowers, these bony arms thrown up in suburban ecstasy towards the sky, these Leighton limbs grouped coyly round a rubber ball on a beach never naked: expertly touched up, obscured, withdrawn, the nude body is purely itself. No undignified or untimely passions can possibly be roused by this book of camera studies.

Despite its title, Guy Bellamy's latest novel is a thoroughly naked performance. Far removed from Arcadian tranquillity, his suburban world is peopled by ad-men, *littérateurs*, television producers, *diff* accountants and sales executives whose moments of ecstasy seem all the more sordid in the hours that follow them.

Royal pregnancies and South American battles conclude successfully during the summer of 1982, while, in the grip of undignified and untimely passions, Bellamy's characters struggle against a malign fate. One would not wish it otherwise, for in adversity they give voice to remarks that have both the slickness of an S.J. Perelman screenplay and the good nature (and exorcising puns) of one by Talbot Rothwell. In *The Secret Lemonade Drinker*, Bellamy's first novel, a similar combination provided a wretched laundrette owner with a stream of one-liners that, taken together, gave a more accurate picture of Britain in the 1970s than was achieved by any number of our documentaries. In his next two the humour was routine, funny enough, but lacking the edge that re-surfaces in *The Nudists* to such delightfully unpleasant effect. Bellamy sees life

steadily, whole, and in the raw.

1960s hedonism has been left far behind. In Britain the recession has bitten, and duly gnawed away the profits at Top Toys. The newly married Simon Venables, salesman-turned-buyer, has to go. "Last in, first out", he confesses to his wife, whose sexual energies have lately been displaced by those needed to run a sandwich-bar (Mozzels). It is a plight that arouses some interest, if little sympathy, from Ben Brock and Nick Bamerman: the one, not yet thirty, has made a pile from specializing in pharmaceutical advertising; the other, possessed of little more than a worn-out portable and a box of Croxley Script, is at work on *Battered Husbands*, a male answer to Marilyn French (epigraph from Butler: "Brigands demand your money or your life: women require both").

The worm turns, free enterprise is unpredictable: the National Health is compelled to use fewer drugs, a publisher spots a certain best-seller, and a grateful battery-supplier suggests Simon's pay-off cheque with one substantial enough to be worth laundering through the Channel Islands with the help of a spy who "can get you a tax rebate when you haven't paid any tax".

This ebb and flow of ready cash brings out emotions, and lusts, that have been alighting behind suburban decorum. Events move at a pace matched by the characters' jaundiced observations, all of which reach their climax in a television "debate" in which a jangle of fiery activists seize on *Battered Husbands* and give it a treatment that would astound even the author of *Stanley and the Women*. This could easily have been crude stuff, but Bellamy, nimble with joke after joke that makes one laugh aloud, puts the skills of a gag-writer and *farceur* at the service of something more: his view of the world renders ambiguous the fairly happy ending. Humorous wit too few prize, but in *The Nudists* Bellamy should none the less have a decent little earner, even if the process of having to come through legitimate channels

## Lost worlds of pleasure

Anne Chisholm

**KAZUO ISHIGURO**  
*An Artist of the Floating World*  
208pp. Faber. £9.95.  
0571 136087

Not far from the house of Masuji Ono, narrator and protagonist of this story, is an old wooden bridge, known as the Bridge of Hesitation. The name refers to the dilemma of Japanese husbands on the way back from work: whether to go straight home, or to turn aside and linger among the bars and girls of the entertainment district, the Floating World. The territory Kazuo Ishiguro explores in his fine new novel is itself that of hesitation and transition. His hero passes into old age and resignation, while Japan is shown adapting to the post-war American occupation, a time of great social and cultural change.

An *Artist of the Floating World* is not only pleasurable to read but instructive, without being in the least didactic; more accessible in tone and texture than most novels by modern Japanese novelists, calmer and more confident than the numerous accounts by outside observers stunned by Japan's economic achievements or mesmerized by Japanese sexuality. Ishiguro's insights, like his deceptively simple prose, are finely balanced. He shows how the old Japanese virtues of veneration for the *Sensei* (the teacher), or loyalty to the group, could be distorted and exploited; he allows deep reservations to surface about the wholesale Americanization of Japan in the aftermath of humiliation and defeat. Without asking us to condone Ono's or Japan's terrible mistakes, he suggests with sympathy some reasons why the mistakes were made.

The novel is set in an unnamed provincial Japanese town during 1949 and 1950. At first it seems as if Ono, looking back over his life, has cause for the slight note of self-congratulation discernible in his tone. He is evidently, despite the war, a man of substance; for a man who made his career as an artist, he has done unusually well. His house, despite some bomb damage, is still dignified and comfortable. Although he lost his wife and only son during the war, he has two dutiful daughters and a grandson he adores. He still lives in traditional Japan, where the light is filtered through creamy paper screens, tea is served on the verandah overlooking the garden, marriages are arranged by go-betweens and women cover their mouths when they laugh.

Gently, inexorably, always sustaining his

narrator's voice, Ishiguro shows how beneath this composed surface lie deserts of bewilderment, pain and guilt. Nothing is as it used to be the last of the Floating World has been threatened by bulldozers; his one remaining loyal pupil turns out to be embarrassed by him, his grandson admires Roy Rogers and Popeye instead of the great Samurai heroes of the past. His daughters still address him in formal and respectful tones and only venture to disagree with or question him in oblique and subtle phrases; but if the style is the same, the content is disturbing. They are worried about the marriage negotiations for the younger girl, Noriko, and seem alarmed that their father's attitudes or behaviour may damage her prospects. One negotiation has already mysteriously collapsed.

As Ono recalls the past and puzzles over the present, it emerges that he had defied his own father to be a painter. In the early 1920s he was proud to be an outsider, and lived as a member of a bohemian painters' commune, dedicated to emulating his teacher and happy to try a paint only the delights of the Floating World. But then, overnight, a different teacher made him aware of another world and other values. He decided to abandon the pursuit of art for art's sake, the vain attempt to capture fleeting visions of love and pleasure. He left the group to join what he suddenly saw as the real and more urgent world of Japan's rising nationalism and patriotic fervour. He became an official artist, a propagandist for the régime which led Japan into repression and imperialist expansion, and finally into the disastrous war against America. Ono has to admit, looking back, that he was wrong; the evidence of the failure of his former ideals is all around him. But in his heart he clings to the memory of his great days, the triumphs, the prizes and the comradeship, and mourns their loss.

Ishiguro unravels the old man's thoughts and feelings with exceptional delicacy. He uses the meanderings of memory to emphasize connections and parallels, but the story also has real tension, as a shameful incident in Ono's past comes back to threaten his daughter's future. Most subtle of all is the way Ishiguro finally suggests that the web of shame and anxiety may have been largely in Ono's mind; even his guilt has become irrelevant. One would like to think at the end that it is always the Floating World, the world of love, beauty and art, that endures, and that the "real" world of actions of politics and war, turns out to be transitory and temporary. But the Floating World, in Japan as elsewhere, is always under threat; the old man's longings for his past become a universal lament for lost worlds.

## Collusion and intrusion

Nigella Lawson

**MICHELLE NEWANDOR**  
*Guests in the Body*  
147pp. Virago. £8.95 (paperback, £3.50).  
0850687112

Re-workings, re-writings and what might be called the domestic dramatic monologue, the forms Michelle Newandor's stories take in *Guests in the Body*, require sureness, control and verbal dexterity of the highest order; and these are attributes the collection, markedly lacking, Wandor goes to work on Isaac Bashevis Singer and George Eliot "as a way of paying tribute to the way in which one person's fiction can trigger off another's imagination". But the richness of the original texts is hopelessly lost in Wandor's retelling — one which gives rise not to subtly different readings, new texts, but to coy proposals of clumsy alternative endings, mere plot changes along lines not even to be found lurking in the originals. "Out of this willing collusion of imaginations a new fiction is born", states Wandor, and her unperturbed, incoherent use of the word "willing" points to greater verbal insecurity elsewhere in her collection.

Indeed, what nearly all her stories share is an uneasy wit without an apparent helplessness to shape content and paragraphs — which are left lying laden on the page. Wandor is fond of the monologue — dramatic interior — but her use of her youthfully prized "imagination"

often falls flat. We are introduced to different worlds — that of the dying mother, relieved to be off the housework and onto the hospital drip, or of a journalist bristling with the *regimes* of the Writers' Collective; even seventeenth-century Venice — but the voice and speech-habits of one character are seldom so distinguishable from those of another. And it is not just vocabulary which falters; across tonations, gesturings, grimaces lie behind a cry printed line.

Wandor is obviously a keen performer herself. Her nervous clowning can be intrusively ingratiating; but she can be funny, too. "My lover is a lesbian", a daughter tells her under-typical Jewish Mother. "Oh," says my mother, "enlightenment dawning in the upward ladder of her voice." What part of *Lesbian* is *les* from?" But any detectable sparkle is extinguished when, half-a-dozen lines later, she stumbles into a sentence — offered apparently without irony — like this: "While the project of altering the balance of power within heterosexual relationships is still a valid one, it is longer one I can espouse — so to speak." What there is, irony, it is either conspicuously uncoupled or so heavy-handed as to be embarrassing.

All this is a pity, for underneath the crudeness and ineffectuality, the pomposity of right-on jargon, there are ideas — the limits of self-denial, the welcome or failure of "otherness" of being female, and of being Jewish. But there is an impatience to Michelle Wandor's treatment of such themes which stunts them.

## The distant sound of breaking glass

Anne Duchêne

**SHENA MACKAY**  
*Redhill Rocco*  
171pp. Heinemann. £9.95.  
0434 440469

In Shena Mackay's new novel, the fuddled vicar, finding himself at a wedding reception, toasts "the horse and groom"; the local librarian gives the over-seventies double fines for returning books late, as they should know better; the local paper reports "CO-OP RAIDED: NOTHING TAKEN"; a cookery book is called "Take A Leek". . . . It all sounds rather like a script for *The Two Ronnies*; and yet, like all Shena Mackay's novels, it is also painfully sad.

For twenty years now (dust-jacket photographs suggest she began publishing around the age of fifteen), Mackay has written with exuberant glee and compassionate horror about people living in suburban sordidness and desolation, gasping for what Forster called "a breathing-hole for the human spirit"; and she has always held both the exuberance and the compassion suspended in her writing, not allowing them to settle into any new composition that might commit her either to a purely, unrealistically funny novel, or to a distressingly sad and serious one. This formula does not make for a seamless novel, and confines her to

a minor genre; but it furnishes a great deal to be enjoyed and admired along the way.

*Redhill Rocco* is set in her favourite stamping-ground, suburbia's Surrey outposts. Redhill is presented as "in essence a carpark, or a series of carparks strung together with links of smouldering rubble and ragwort, buddleia and willowherb" (the time is late summer), and many of the short sections into which the short chapters are divided stamp out its properties pretty harshly: "Saturday night in Redhill; from Busby's the distant sound of breaking glass, a short scream, a police siren . . . Sunday morning: a pale pinkish-yellow plasmatic smell of half-cooked meat hung over the back gardens. In the Slatterys' kitchen their Sunday lunch, five tubs of pot noodles, steamed gently . . .". Demolition and polystyrene prevail.

Just down the road, but in another socio-economic world, is genteel Reigate (where the author herself lives), with bijou cottages, kempt gardens, and "bedizen ladies discreetly buying gin" at Cullens, or putting on rubber gloves to fold their rotary driers into plastic covers. The two worlds are to meet, because children attend the same schools. Chiefly, we see the Redhill mother, Pearl, a brave slattern and defeated romantic, who works in a local sweet-factory. As a girl, daughter of a level-crossing keeper whose wife defected, she attended Tonbridge Girls' Grammar School, where poverty constrained her to wear wellingtons throughout the school year

and all its activities. Now, she wishes life could be "more like *The Bells of St Mary's*, where Bing Crosby tucked Barry Fitzgerald up in bed, crooning an Irish lullaby". The Samaritans hung up on her when she confessed to eating fried bread while they talked; the local library's information officer, when she telephoned to ask the Meaning of Life, promised to call back, but never did.

Pearl's present husband, Jack Slattery, is in prison. She does not visit, but sends one postcard. They aren't actually married, but she and their children carry his name — Sean, a punk with a heavy line in irony, Cherry, taking A-levels, and Tiffany, a pre-pubescent drum-major. Sometimes she is visited by the child of her first marriage, a brown young man called Elvis, his black wife, a nurse, called Precious, and their two small black daughters. Now and then, with dignified repugnance, Pearl sleeps, for financial reasons, with the local publican, whose tongue is "like a slug in her ear".

The Reigate mother, Helen Headley-Jones, drives a Range Rover, distributes Meals on Wheels, wears a *Guardian* jogging-suit, and makes pastry on a marble slab; also "toilet rolls in the shape of crinoline ladies in delicate shades of green and mauve and yellow foam rubber" for SDP sales. "Helen tried hard to be good." The lack of satisfaction this achieves bewilders her, and also her husband, who recommends she find herself a new dog (Jeremy's birthday dinner — Helen has given him "personalized golf-tees" — with their daughters in an Indian restaurant is a beautifully modulated Reigate set-piece.)

Into the Slattery household, as a lodger, stumbles Luke, aged seventeen, after Borsal. A nice boy, he over-reacted to the "ante-chamber of Death" in the local sub-post-office where pensions were being loquaciously claimed, and feigned a hold-up with a toy pistol off the shelves: one of his many jokes that miscarry. He doesn't want to return to his home in nearby Purley because his mother

("hadn't she been nice to him once?") now lives in the bath, sleeping at night on piles of towels, and his father, the Rev Ichabod Ribbons, has taken to the cooking sherry after being evicted from his church by the evangelical curate and the "waves of ecumenical laughter" engendered during services. ("There was a lot of kissing after Communion, and what the Vicar found hardest to bear was that they all looked so damned happy.")

Various things happen. Luke falls in thoroughly unrequited love with Pearl. The sweet-factory closes. The curate falls in love with Cherry. None of this matters much. Plot, as usual with this author, is pretty perfunctory: detail is all, and the seeping desolation it communicates, along with the cheerfulness. Most of the characters are imprisoned in a kind of atomic isolation, only now and then bumping into one another. They breach this isolation, fitfully; Pearl and Cherry, for instance, have an "old easy love", almost forgotten under the detritus of life, and at the end Pearl and Helen draw together in their common perplexity. The author turns a gentle eye on them; and her very gentlest on youth, the only straggly seedling of hope which she allows. Luke is as yet undefeated, and still believes his own wit and charm are irresistible; Cherry still hopes to go to university.

One cannot feel much hope, though, that their goodness will not be soiled and wasted, with time, like that of their elders. This is a very black comedy, in which the hearts of gold glint like mica. The brightness it does give off, and which suffices it as one reads, comes from the author's endearing inability to resist a joke or to refrain from going too far, so that her frightening view topples over into preposterousness — Pearl's wellies, Helen's toilet-roll covers, Luke's mother in the bath. One might doubtless take Mackay to task for writing a book in which the impurities rise so exuberantly to the surface. But, if England has to sink giggling into the sea, she contributes a great deal to the cruel comedy of decomposition.

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# Academic freedom and the perils of sponsorship

Richard Clogg

In the present climate of officially encouraged institutional mendacity, under a government determined to force universities into an increasing reliance on external sources of funding, it is perhaps timely to look at a little-known but classic instance of the perils inherent in sponsored scholarship, namely the imbroglio that developed over Arnold Toynbee's tenure of the Koraeas chair at King's College, London during the early 1920s. For when his writings on the Greek-Turkish war of 1919-22 and his growing sympathy for the Turkish nationalist cause aroused the wrath of the wealthy Greeks who had put up the money for the chair, Toynbee found himself in a situation in which he had no option but to resign.

The establishment of the Koraeas chair was the outcome of the philhellenic enthusiasm of the principal of the college, Ronald Burrows, and of his friendship with, and unqualified admiration for, the Greek statesman Eleftherios Venizelos, to whom he had once addressed an ode beginning "Venizelos! Venizelos! Do not fail us! Do not fail us!" It was under Burrows that King's College, with the establishment in 1915 of the School of Slavonic Studies, became a power-house of academic propaganda in favour of self-determination for the peoples of Eastern Europe. Greece, however, had always enjoyed a particular place in the affection of Burrows, a distinguished classical scholar.

Moreover, the promotion of modern Greek and Byzantine studies in the college had acquired a dimension of political urgency as the Foreign Office, if at first hesitantly, backed the Anglophil Venizelos against the neutralist King Constantine. Venizelos, then prime minister, in early 1915 offered a government subsidy for the chair, for which both he and Burrows considered the scholar-journalist William Miller, an acute and sympathetic observer of the Greek scene, to be the ideal incumbent. Miller, however, fearful that any connection with the Greek government would compromise his independence, was reluctant to stand, while Venizelos's fall from office as a result of his growing rift with the king temporarily put paid to the idea of the government subsidy.

Burrows initially had high hopes that Sir Basil Zaharoff, the enigmatic and fabulously wealthy arms dealer, would fund the chair but Zaharoff was already committed to establishing chairs in aeronautical engineering in London, Paris and Petrograd. (After the war he was also to establish the Marshal Foch chair of French Literature at Oxford and the Field Marshal Earl Haig chair of English Literature at the Sorbonne.) But the fact that the project enjoyed Venizelos's blessing produced a ready response from the prosperous and very largely Venizelist Anglo-Greek community in Britain. From correspondence with one donor, Helena Schilizzi, who was subsequently to marry Venizelos, it is clear that Burrows essentially conceived the holder of the new chair as "promoting the Greek (ie, Venizelist) cause" in Britain, in co-operation with the newly founded Anglo-Hellenic League, with his university duties taking second place.

An adequate endowment was quickly raised. Venizelos himself passed on £2,000 that he had been given by Sir Lucas Rallie and, on returning to power in 1917, was able to arrange for an annual subsidy to be voted in the Greek parliament. (When a chair of modern Greek studies was established at Harvard in the mid-1970s the Greek government, fearing a row over the implications of giving a million dollars to a wealthy foreign university at a time when the Greek universities were chronically underfunded, apparently so arranged the endowment as to avoid the need for legislation in parliament.) The donors were now able to set about negotiating with the university the conditions that would attach to the chair. A proposal that it be named the Venizelos chair was dropped after objections to the naming of a chair after a living politician. Instead it was to be known as the Koraeas Chair of Modern Greek and Byzantine History, Language and Literature. Adamantios Korais, the great classical scholar and mentor of the movement for Greek independence, was, like the vast majority of the donors, of Chiot origin.

Initially, the subscribers proposed to retain

control over the endowment, making available to the university a sufficient sum annually to pay the professor's salary. The university's lawyers, however, balked at this and, through a compromise, the capital was handed over to the university until the chair should be vacated through resignation, retirement or death. At such a time the subscribers could either withdraw the endowment or propose new conditions, although the university would not be bound to accept these and would be free to return the original endowment. A proposal to restrict the chair to those of British or Greek nationality was dropped, the subscribers trusting to the "good sense" of the university not to appoint a Turk, or, for that matter, "a Bulgarian Greek". They requested that they be sent an annual scheme of the work to be carried out in the new department, together with triennial reports on which they were to have the right to make criticisms and suggestions, a condition that was later to occasion considerable trouble.

Once the small print had been hammered out, the college was free to begin its search for a suitable professor, and also for a lecturer who was to be responsible for modern Greek language teaching. Burrows conscientiously took soundings of colleagues in Britain, France (he was a particular admirer of the Sorbonne school of Byzantine and Modern Greek studies) and Greece. One Greek professor proposed his own son for the lectureship while another name to be put forward was that of "un esprit remarquable", the Alexandrian poet Constantine Cavafy, although nothing came of the suggestion. Among those consulted was the Hellenist Gilbert Murray. Murray told his son-in-law, Arnold Toynbee, of the new chair and Toynbee, who, following the resignation in 1915 of his Balliol fellowship in ancient history, had been working for the Foreign Office, made tentative enquiries of Burrows.

Toynbee, however, was not only somewhat deterred by the vast range of expertise subsumed in the title of the Koraeas chair but thought that its holder should be more of "an active philhellene" than he felt himself to be. Burrows nevertheless strongly encouraged him to apply, confident that the more Toynbee became immersed in the subject the more he would develop a sympathetic interest in the history and people of Greece. He could, moreover, see nothing in Toynbee's writings that would give him any qualms as to his philhellenism. Indeed Toynbee, besides compiling on behalf of Lord Bryce a dossier of evidence of Turkish atrocities against the Armenians which had been published as a government Blue Book, had also written, as part of his war service, a propaganda tract entitled *The Murderous Tyranny of the Turks*. In this work, replete with old-fashioned anti-Turkish rhetoric, Toynbee had dismissed the Ottoman Empire as a vampire state which "literally drained its victims' blood". He was subsequently to repudiate it as a manifestation of traditional Western prejudice against the Turk.

The field for the chair was a strong one and included A.W. Gomme, the classical scholar, and John Jackson, whose probationary fellowship at Magdalen College, Oxford, had not been renewed on account of heavy drinking, but who was regarded by one of his referees as "a genius, sort of second Porson in his gift for Greek of all sorts". From the outset Toynbee had clearly been a leading contender and he was duly elected to the chair in March 1919, the electors including Joannes Gennadius, until recently the long-serving Greek minister in London. A bibliomane and, albeit dogmatic, a scholar in his own right, Gennadius had himself had his eyes on the chair but, being in his late sixties, was disqualified on grounds of age, much to Burrows's relief.

Shortly after the election Toynbee suffered a mild breakdown but was fully recovered by the beginning of the autumn term, 1919, when he delivered a characteristically wide-ranging inaugural lecture on "The Place of Mediaeval and Modern Greece in History". Venizelos was in the audience in the Great Hall at King's College and Gennadius took the chair. Toynbee, indeed, was mildly put out by Gennadius's lengthy introductory peroration. For this included an outburst warning the professor against the propagation of "the queer fancies of Mr Psichari and his concert of socialist youths", Yannis Psicharis being as doughty a

champion of demotic Greek as Gennadius was of the *katharevousa*, or "purified" form. Shortly afterwards Burrows was taken seriously ill, and he died a few months later. His death may have been premature but at least he was spared the furious controversy that was before long to engulf the one project which, of his many innovations in the college, undoubtedly lay closest to his heart.

Toynbee was clearly not over-burdened with teaching and, at the end of his first year at King's, was granted two terms study leave to travel in the Greek lands, which now included a sizeable slice of western Asia Minor that had been allocated to Greece under the treaty of Sèvres. Toynbee, hitherto a severe critic of the Turks' treatment of their Christian minorities, was anxious to observe at first hand how the Greeks were behaving now that the boot was on the other foot and they were charged with governing a large Muslim population. To cover his expenses and to give him better access to officials he travelled as a special correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*.

During the first half of 1921, as the Greek occupation forces in western Asia Minor were coming under increasing challenge by the Turkish nationalist forces commanded by Mustafa Kemal (Atatürk), Toynbee travelled freely and extensively in the Greek-controlled areas. It was while visiting Ephesus in February that he underwent the most vivid of the several "experiences of the local annihilation of Time in places where Time had stood still" that occurred at various points in his life. On this occasion the theatre had come to life with a tumultuous throng chanting "Great is Diana". (It was also about the time that he took up the Koraeas chair that, walking one day along Buckingham Palace Road, he had become directly aware of "the passage of History gently flowing through him in a mighty current".)

During the course of his travels Toynbee became increasingly doubtful about Greece's *mission civilisatrice* in Asia Minor. He had come across disturbing evidence of the anti-Turkish violence which had accompanied the Greek landings in Smyrna in May 1919, while in May 1921 he and his wife were to encounter in the Yalova region first-hand evidence of atrocities committed by the Greek army. In dispatches to the *Manchester Guardian* he reported on the undisguised "malignity and inhumanity" of the Greek military authorities. Whereas Greek officials had gone out of their way to facilitate his travels, his efforts to get behind the Turkish lines had met with refusal, for his work for Lord Bryce and his credentials as the representative of the most Gladstonian of British newspapers cut predictably little ice with the Turkish authorities.

Toynbee was under no illusion that similar outrages had been committed on the Turkish side, but the fact that he had personally witnessed Greek atrocities left a particular impression on him. On his return he sought, through his journalistic writings, by addressing public meetings and, above all, through the publication of *The Western Question in Greece and Turkey*, to alert public opinion to the inevitability of a tragic dénouement to Greece's Anatolian entanglement. Written within a matter of months, *The Western Question* was published shortly before the catastrophic defeat of the Greek forces in Asia Minor by the Turkish nationalists in September 1922.

Given that one of his basic conclusions was that the Greeks had demonstrated that they were no more fitted than the Turks for governing a mixed population, Toynbee was well aware that such a book, written by the Koraeas professor, was likely to prove painful to Greek readers. From an academic point of view, however, he believed this to be less unfortunate than if his conclusions had been favourable to Greece and unfavourable to Turkey. For at least the suspicion was precluded that "an endorsement of learning in a British university had been used to carry out propaganda on behalf of the country with which it was concerned. At the time of its publication he repeated the offer of resignation that he had made in May 1921 to Ernest Barker, who had succeeded Burrows as principal of the college. The initial offer had been made by the same post as he had first reported on Greek atrocities. On both occasions Barker had refused to accept it.

The reaction that Toynbee had anticipated

was not long in coming. Before the year was out Major G. Melas had published (in *How The Turk as he is: answer to a libel: sidelights on Kemalism, Bolshevism and Pan-Germanism*). In this, he not only accused Toynbee of an "unsatiated hatred for the Greeks" but hinted that he had been bought by the Turks. An implicit condemnation of his views was compiled by a member of Toynbee's own department, Lysimachos Oeconomos, who taught modern Greek. This attack on "the Moloch of the Moloch", *The Martyrdom of Smyrna and Eastern Christendom*, was in part written to counter Toynbee's suggestion, on which he was subsequently to change his mind, that the great fire which had destroyed much of "infidel Smyrna" on the arrival of the Turkish army had been started not by the Turks but by the fleeing Greeks.

More ominously, the Greeks who had put up the money for the chair, grouped in the subscribers' committee, now began to put pressure on the university to terminate Toynbee's tenure of it. The initial pretext for their intervention was his failure to provide the donors with either an annual scheme of work or the triennial reports of the department's activities which had been requested when the endowment had been handed over to the university. Although neither Toynbee nor the principal had ever been informed of this stipulation, he hastened to provide the required report. On the basis of this, the subscribers' committee, discreetly advised by William Pember Reeves, the director of the London School of Economics and like Burrows an ardent philhellene, now complained to the university of the "manifestly poor results" achieved by Toynbee during his first three years in the chair.

These it attributed to his being so demonstrably out of sympathy with the "mentality and legitimate aspirations" of the people whose history and literature he professed. Toynbee had emerged as one of Greece's bitterest critics, so much so indeed that it was difficult to distinguish between him and the "professional advocates" of Turkey. The subscribers contended that the moral obligations incumbent on a gentleman and a scholar required Toynbee to make a clear choice between championing the cause of the Turk and Bulgar and the holding of the Koraeas chair. The endowment should not be used to sustain a "profane source of injury" to Greece and the subscribers asked the university authorities to consider whether Toynbee's continuance in the chair was compatible with the object of its foundation.

From the outset, Toynbee was to enjoy the support of the college principal, Barker, who took a firm stand on the principle of academic freedom involved; and at every stage of the ensuing controversy he was advised by Gilbert Murray. He needed all the support he could get, for he not only had the subscribers' committee to contend with but also a powerful phalanx within the King's professoriate, led by R.W. Seton-Watson, the Masaryk Professor of Central European History and the leading light in the School of Slavonic Studies. Seton-Watson and his colleagues believed that the donors had every right to feel aggrieved and feared that the controversy would lead to the demise of a chair so closely linked with Burrows's memory.

A further concern was that the quarrel with the donors of the Koraeas endowment might threaten the whole edifice of subsidy from foreign governments on which the School of Slavonic Studies at that time rested. (Russia, oddly, was subsidised by the London County Council.) In the early 1920s, as much as the quarter of the School's income came from foreign governments. It received subsidies from the Czech, Polish and Yugoslav authorities and, at the height of the Toynbee imbroglio, began to negotiate a further subsidy from the Romanian government. In the case of Seton-Watson's own chair, the inhibition that prevented the Koraeas chair being named after Venizelos appear to have weakened, for it was named after Professor T.G. Masaryk, a former member of the School of Slavonic Studies, at the time the chair was instituted, the president of Czechoslovakia.

Given the federal structure of the University of London, the Toynbee question became as much a university as a college

## Letters

### Disease and the Novel

Sir, - With Sharon R. Smith (Letters, January 17) I have some sympathy, though I am not sure why she should call my original review intemperate and defensive. The relationship between mind and body is without question one of the most fascinating and difficult issues, I would say the most fascinating and difficult, in the whole realm of philosophical speculation. If she cares to read my *Against Criticism*, she will understand that it was in part to trade more speculation on this issue for what first-hand experience can be gained, that I came to the study of medicine in the first place. On such an issue, simple answers will be wrong. I would readily agree with her that in the medical context we often err towards one kind of simplification. In the literary context I happened to be discussing we err towards another. Like her, I believe that mind and body often influence one another, and indeed that was a point I made explicit in my review. Unlike her, I am not convinced that diseases are "communicating" with us (sometimes rather too late) and I am convinced that in many cases it is unhelpful as well as unkind to suggest that they are. "Any observant psychotherapist" will know that unnecessary guilt and a sense of inadequacy often attach to disease, and that part of the healing process is letting them go.

Then there is Arthur Kleinman (Letters, January 31). With enemies like Kleinman, who seeks friends? From the vantage point of his "life world", extending perhaps beyond the very boundaries of the Harvard Department of Anthropology, he is able to reassure us that the cosmos - the entire sum of all that exists - is no more than "the socially constituted order that several generations of anthropologists of religion and historians of science have disclosed". Once you see this, of course you'll spot the howler I made by "failing to note that diseases are... social constructs". Well, now I think I've really heard it all. The claim that *King Lear* is a self-referential word game seems the merest kid's stuff by comparison.

"Skillfully crafted" as he kindly calls my review, it unfortunately wasn't skillfully crafted enough to get through to the likes of Kleinman. In his luxuriously tooled response, he seems to have got a bit lost, and it would make unreasonable demands on space and the reader's patience to lead him out of the labyrinth. So let me simply address his central problem, this time in words of one syllable. Nobody "denies" that people interpret disease and give it a meaning. That was, precisely, my point. There is an irresistible desire to give meaning to the meaningless, and the often touching, brave, sad, imaginative, life-affirming or pathetically human expressions of such an instinct are what we are supposed to recognize in Kleinman's pedantic babble about "personal and interpersonal significances that constitute our life-world". Of course, such human expressions, like all human expressions, to some degree reflect the culture from which they come - nothing could be more wearisomely commonplace than that; though at the Department of Anthropology at Harvard this seems to be not news, calling forth from Kleinman, in the scene of his delirium, an inebriated blather about the "symbolic reticulum (the sociosomatic dialectic)". All of this has nothing to do with the problem for a novelist, which is this: why should it be a particular character - say, Michel, or Hans - who gets a particular disease, say, tuberculosis? And it is this which forces him to do violence to his characters by making them somehow "deserve" their disease. The question is not why an ill man should have it at all. Anthropologists may deal with types, but novelists and doctors must be concerned with individuals.

Now I can't tell whether this is incomprehensible to Kleinman because he doesn't understand the nature of literature, or because he doesn't understand disease. When he strays into medical territory, he appears to get it wrong - misunderstanding the distinction between signs and symptoms, for example, and apparently believing cerebrovascular disease to be an acute disorder (as though that were anyway relevant to his argument). Could it be that he is a "serious ethnographer of the work of doctoring"? Perhaps he and Sharon Smith (an "observant psychotherapist") would like to come on the medical wards round here, and explain to a middle-aged woman I have watched dying - drained and exhausted - of a genetically determined social construct which has altered her personality, estranged her from her family, rendered her speechless and incontinent, and compelled her to spend her (possibly many) remaining days and nights in perpetual, senseless contortions which will one day result in her choking to death - perhaps they would explain to her how it is that she is responsible for her disease, and what they can bring from their "life world" to illuminate her "illness episode".

Iain McIlchrist, 7 Park Lane, Twyford, Winchester, Hampshire.

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Iain McIlchrist, 7 Park Lane, Twyford, Winchester, Hampshire.

### Spender's 'Journals'

Sir, - Just to give thanks to Joseph Brodsky for his extraordinary letter in support of Stephen Spender's "right to life" as poet and diarist (December 27). Or to thank God that there's still someone like Brodsky to come forward with such a letter in this poisonous time.

MARY MCCARTHY, 141 rue de Rennes, Paris.

### 'Galileo and His Sources'

Sir, - William A. Wallace (Letters, January 3) poses as a man of wounded virtue and tries to present our patient efforts for over a decade to maintain the truth as a series of attacks. He would do well simply to own up to the evidence. We will focus on one crucial question: had Wallace identified our Jesuit sources for Galileo's scholastic essays before he received the letter of March 1, 1972, from the first of us (A.C.C.) informing him of our discoveries?

There are two pieces of documentary evidence. One is Wallace's paper "Galileo and the Thomists" which he sent to A.C.C. in typescript on July 16, 1971 (before its publication unchanged in 1974). The other is his application for a grant from the US National Science Foundation. We have already published this evidence in our paper "The Jesuits and Galileo's ideas of science and nature" (1983) p. 11, n. 11, to which A.C.C. referred in his review in the *TLS* (November 22, 1985). As we pointed out, Wallace wrote in his paper that "there is no evidence of direct copying from any of the Thomist authors mentioned in this study". He noted that if the source were a professor at Pisa, he "would appear to be sympathetic to the writings of two members of the newly-founded Society of Jesus, Pererius and Toletius" (p. 327) and continued: "Who this professor might be is a question that is not easily answered." He concluded that his inquiry had yielded "these largely negative results" (p. 329). He made no claim to have identified these two Jesuits as Galileo's sources, and he did not mention Clavius at all. The purpose of his letter enclosing his paper was in fact to ask for support for a proposal to the NSF for a study of the *Juvenilia* and the identification of their sources. Jesuit authors and the Collegio Romano were not mentioned in the copy of this proposal that he later sent us (noted as received on September 30, 1971), which specified quite other directions of search. Supposing that Wallace did mean to exclude Pereira and Toletius from "the Thomist authors" (Jesuits could be Thomists), why did he write that the question was "not easily answered" and the results "largely negative", if he already knew what were to tell him about our three Jesuits; why did he not mention Jesuits or the Collegio Romano in his NSF application; and why did he not mention Clavius at all? The answer is obvious. As A.C.C. put it in his paper "Sources of Galileo's early natural philosophy" (1975) p. 170: "William Wallace noticed certain similarities with Pereira and Toletius, but saw them only among

others through a glass darkly and failed to identify them as sources". We have to add that Wallace's suggestion that our discoveries are undocumented is simply false. The correspondences between Galileo's texts and those of our three Jesuits are all specified, with relevant and often lengthy quotations, in the section of our book which A.C.C. sent him in 1973. All he had to do was to look them up.

Wallace claims that in 1972, after the second of us (A.C.C.) had given him a copy of his transcription of MS 27 containing Galileo's logical essay, he compared it with Carbone's *Addamentum* and "marked parallel passages that seemed to suggest copying". He did not mention this either to us or in the footnote added later to his paper "Galileo and the Thomists" which he thanked A.C. for his transcription. If what he claims now is true, why was he so reticent then? Again he claims that in Milan in June 1975 he gave A.C. a "photocopy of the 1597 text" of the *Addamentum* on which he "had marked parallels with Galileo's notes in MS 27", but he had not so marked the photocopy. In fact, when they met, A.C. told Wallace that he had identified the *Addamentum* as the source copied (sometimes word for word) by Galileo and showed him a list of textual correspondences. (A.C. had announced this discovery at a conference held in April 1975 at Santa Margherita Ligure.) Wallace admitted then that he had not yet compared his photocopy with Galileo's text. It was A.C.'s information that alerted him to the significance of his microfilms. One problem for us in this affair is that Wallace seems unable to grasp the practice of giving other scholars information for their private use. Within the civilized republic of letters, this means that the recipient does not publish them himself, and certainly not as his own. Likewise Wallace seems unable to grasp the difference between the general similarities among a wide range of contemporary scholastic writings on natural philosophy and the precise correspondences that identify the sources Galileo actually used, or again between pursuing "a line of investigation" and making a discovery. We cannot in the space available here deal with all the misinformation, self-contradictions and humbug which make up the bulk of Wallace's long letter, but if anyone wishes to pursue the subject further they may write to us privately.

A. C. CROMBIE, Trinity College, Oxford.  
ADRIANO CARUGO, Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton, New Jersey 08540.

The Brothers Adam  
Sir, - In a review published on December 13, Kerry Downes said that none of the houses in the Adam brothers' Adelphi project was left, and in his recent letter (January 31) he insists that the houses are a "total loss", "whatever fragments of masonry may or may not survive" (my italics). I presume he knows that thirteen of the four-storey houses survive, that they are in three blocks with a combined street frontage of 450 feet, that they possess three façades with attractive pilasters, and that they contain between them more Adam ceilings than can be found in almost any of Adam's country houses. If the nation's planners ever find out that a professor of art history dismisses all this work by one of the nation's greatest architects as "fragments" whose very existence should not be acknowledged, that what hope will ordinary mortals have of persuading them to treat the buildings of lesser architects with any respect at all?

DAVID N. KING, 14 Greenbank Way, Brack, Dunblane, Perthshire.

The first winner of the Anglo-Hellenic League's annual Runciman Award for a work of fiction, poetry, drama or non-fiction about Greece, is David Constantine for his *Early Greek Travellers and the Hellenic Ideal* (reviewed in the *TLS* of October 12, 1984). To celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of the London Book Fair, its organizers and the National Book League are awarding a literary prize for the best travel book on London published in the last three years. Further information may be obtained from the Publicity Officer, National Book League, Book House, 41 East Hill, London, SW18 2QZ.

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## COMMENTARY

## Moral manoeuvring

Rosemary Ashton

Pride and Prejudice  
Old Vic

Of all Jane Austen's novels, *Pride and Prejudice* is the one most noted for its sparkling dialogue; it therefore follows that it is the one which most readily lends itself to adaptation for the stage. David Pownall, in preparing it for the Birmingham Repertory and Leicester Haymarket production, has wisely remained largely faithful to Jane Austen's text. As a result, the production is stylish, comic, and fast-paced. It sounds good and, with intelligent design and choreography, it looks good too. The set, consisting of a few movable transparent Regency-striped screens, is ingeniously used for the group conversations, gossip, tête-à-têtes, strategic overhearings and dancing of which the plot is largely made up. A high point of the production is a stately, sensuous dance executed by Elizabeth Bennet and Mr Darcy, their bodies performing in eloquent harmony while their conversation consists of perverse misunderstandings.

The dancing of young couples is shown as the chief mating ritual in a society which seeks to make good marriages for its offspring and whose girls must perform the feat of treading the fine line between coquettish man-hunting and self-respecting availability. Lizzy Bennet, acted attractively by Tessa Peake-Jones, is the key figure in this, as she is in the novel. As for the improbable Mr Darcy, about whom Jane Austen herself appears to be in two minds, he is admirably represented by James Warwick. Sniff, arrogant, impressively rude as he is to the Bennets, he is nevertheless – thanks to his handsomeness and his adroitness in the dance – credibly attractive, managing to appear an appropriate prize for the discerning and desiring Elizabeth. His fortune of £10,000 a year and his famous Pemberley estate are kept well before the mind's eye.

The selectively cynical but ultimately respectful attitude towards wealth and property expressed through the narrator in the novel is

## Controlling the conflict

Tracey Warr

JONSILKIN  
Black Notes  
Pentameters Theatre, Three Horseshoes, 28  
Heath Street, London NW3

John Silkkin's verse play, *Black Notes*, is based on the life of the musician and poet, Ivor Gurney, who fought in the First World War and spent the last fifteen years of his life in an asylum. This new production at the Pentameters Theatre in Hampstead is directed by Alec Bell, with a Constructivist set-design by Kirill Sokolov and music by Steve Edwards. The play explores the nature of creativity, seen in terms of a balance between chaotic, energetic imagination, and the control and structure of craftsmanship. This dichotomy is dramatized through the relationship and increasing conflict between the Gurney figure, Joseph Lowry (played by Andrew Klischen), and his friend, Benjamin Critchley (played by Jasper Jacob), and is emphasized by frequent references to Mozart and Sallieri. The friends' music tutor, Sir Charles Stanford, discerns "the faint rustle of water" in Critchley's music; while Lowry's imagination is compared to water flooding through lock-gates. Lowry achieves "Control working through imagination"; while Critchley becomes increasingly envious of Lowry's talent, likening his own work to "the fake enzyme digesting its own body / where there's no food". In the final scene Lowry stabs Critchley to death as they struggle with a knife in a seedy tavern and Lowry will, we presume, end his days in an asylum.

The play is stuffed with talk about genius and creativity but gives little concrete evidence of either. Silkkin incorporates only two short

here adopted by Mr Bennet. This was a clever move by Pownall, who thus meshes much of the narrator's sardonic wit with the weary but sharp cynicism of the man with no fortune, a foolish wife and five (here reduced to three) daughters. Mr Bennet, nicely portrayed by Peter Sallis, thus acts as our chorus and guide, standing on the sidelines as he does in the novel, observing the antics of the others. There is, however, an inevitable loss involved in this manoeuvre, for Jane Austen's Mr Bennet is so cynical as to be paralysed in the role of a moral negative, an absentee father, as it were. Here, by contrast, he is omnipresent, our chief informant. Pownall has also been unable to resist the temptation to make Mr Bennet a more portentous commentator than either he or the narrator is in the novel. He makes some unnecessarily crude remarks about the mating of animals – no need for this, with all that dancing going on – and gives us some rapid potted history lessons, with topical references to war, Napoleon, poor harvests and the Industrial Revolution. The objection is not so much that such remarks are Pownall's rather than Jane Austen's, more that they are made in an idiom not caught from her in a production which is otherwise excellent in this respect.

The economies made with Jane Austen's plot are, on the whole, successful, though they tend to play up the light, sparkling, epigrammatic qualities she herself recognized as prominent in the book, at the expense of the darker shades. Thus, with no visit to Pemberley, and no marking of the passage of time during which Elizabeth and Jane are unhappy and uncertain about their lovers, there can be no sense of their undergoing a trial and coming to deserve their final good fortune. The relationship between the two sisters is simply not represented. Nor is that between Elizabeth and her best friend Charlotte Lucas, who is here caricatured to match the Revd Collins (played to the full by Ian Gelder), where in the novel she is a plain, sensible woman of twenty-seven who, as is brutally pointed out, walks with her eyes wide open into marriage with a buffoon. A bitter insight into one kind of casualty of the marriage market is thus sacrificed for some ready laughs.

bursts of Gurney's music in the play ("Sleep" and "Severn Meadows") and uses none of his poetry. Silkkin's imagery is laboriously repetitive and the language of the play is incapable of sustaining the weight of Silkkin's "herculean world of ideas" or evoking the genius it describes. The cast struggle valiantly and intelligently with a script which is lacking in dramatic resonance, and with verse which veers between precious poeticisms and awkward bathos: "that quick trout, Schubert"; "that queer bloke, Elgar"; "The eggs in a nest clustered / like testicles"; "I'm going for a piss". Silkkin's verse, at times, seems to vie with the Georgians' attempts to be "modern" and write poetically on "realistic" subjects: Rupert Brooke's "brown goblets up I throw" or Laurence Abercrombie's "look out behind, 'ware turds"; for instance. Silkkin has Elizabeth (based on Gurney's friend, Marion Scott, and played by Lucinda Gane) ask Lowry to take her to a quiet tea-room where the only sound is "the rustle of dried bees".

With the exception of the lead, the cast all play three or four characters, and they also effect the minimal scene changes by shifting around a few bare, wooden structures which serve variously as bed, table, trench and so on. The harshness of the set and staging successfully underlines the brutality of Gurney's world: his desperate need for love and understanding; the provincial society which classified his talent as "batty"; the sordidness, hypocrisy and callousness of his madness. But the economy and bareness of the production also emphasize the dryness and lack of vitality in Silkkin's verse and the woodenness of his dramatization. "The rustle of dried bees" can be heard very loudly in this play, and Gurney, who rewrote Shakespeare plays during his madness, might well have been dismayed by it.

## The voice within

Maggie Gee

SAMUEL BECKETT  
Enough, Footfalls and Rockaby  
Riverside Studios

These three pieces have only been staged together once before, at the opening of the Samuel Beckett Theater in New York in 1984. The Riverside's performances are a celebration for Beckett's eightieth birthday in April. Billy Whitelaw has rehearsed this time without Beckett, and Alan Schneider, who directed *Rockaby* and *Enough* in New York, is dead, but Robert Hendry and Rocky Greenberg have "re-staged" the original performances – while moving them a little further away from naturalism.

Billie Whitelaw is not just an actress who plays Beckett. She has the extraordinary faculty of seeming to become the play; voice, body, gestures are subsumed into physical dimensions of the text. The evening begins disconcertingly, though, with *Enough*, a short prose-piece written in the mid-1960s.

Thematically it fits well with *Footfalls* and *Rockaby*. But *Enough* is not a play, and Whitelaw reads it very much in propria persona, greeting the audience like a charming hostess in her turquoise beads, metal belt and white choker scarf. Beckett does not like his non-performance pieces being read in public, and *Enough* presents special problems on stage. It describes a relationship between a subservient, loving "I" and a dominant, eccentric older "He". The sex of the "I" is never established in the text, and may as easily be male as female ("old breasts" may be masculine, the two protagonists "turn as one man"). This is not to argue that *Enough* is a homosexual love-story, but Whitelaw's very specifically feminine self-presentation seems a distraction.

## MACMILLAN/BLACKWELL COMPETITION

The winners of the Macmillan/Blackwell Competition, which appeared in the TLS on November 8, 1985, were announced on January 31. They are: G. Cressfield (Croydon), S. Holden (Exeter) and Mrs A. Double (Warwick). Other winners are G. Stork (Nairn), G. Toppin (London SW4), J. A. Arfield (Cardiff), T. W. Hall (Epsom), P. R. Brown (Oxford), D. Willis (Ontario, Canada), J. A. S. Pal Badyal (Cambridge), I. Rogerson (Whitworth, Lancs) and M. Atkinson (Lisburn).

On the press night *Enough* was met by a horrible barrage of coughing from the audience. For the other two pieces the theatre was silent and enthralled.

In *Footfalls*, which Beckett wrote for Whitelaw, she is a dim, hollow-cheeked mask on top of a tattered mass of pale rags like dried seaweed which slide rustling across the narrow rectangle of floor. She paces through the night, haunted by the voice of a very old woman, her mother, who sounds always on the edge of wracking tears. As the play progresses it seems that she herself is a voice haunting the mother; neither can stop "revolving it all... In [her] poor mind"; mother and daughter turn into each other; the ageing child bends nearer to the stage.

*Rockaby* contains an entirely different female presence, dressed from head to foot in her "best black" – an Edwardian dress figured with black sequins, a tiny black hat with an absurd black sequinned flower teetering on a long stem. Her long-boned hands grip the arms of the rocking-chair as she rocks to and fro, each rock synchronized with the voice she hears broadcast from above or behind her – her own voice, for there is no one else there. Sometimes her lips move in unison with it, mostly she just hears. Whenever the voice stops, the rocking stops, and at first she is afraid and begs "More". But towards the end, her cavernous black eyes close and her face becomes more peaceful. Just before the light dies on her face, she dies, her head falling to one side, and the sense of relief is palpable as the whole elaborate edifice of will and ritual gently slips away. It is unforgettable.

Perhaps the disconcerting effect of *Enough* has a function; by revealing, briefly, "the actress" reading to us, Billie Whitelaw underlines what great reserves of self-denying skill are needed to transform one idiosyncratic human performer into a universal living sculpture.

## AMONG THIS WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS

- Brian W. Aldiss's *And the Lurid Glare of the Comet*, a collection of essays, will be published later this year. Rosemary Ashton is the author of *George Eliot* in Oxford University Press's Past Masters series, 1983. Alan Bell's biography of Sydney Smith was published in 1980. Geoffrey Blainey's books include *Triumph of the Nomads: A history of ancient Australia*, 1976. Christopher Butler's most recent book is *Interpretation, Deconstruction and Ideology*; it was published in 1984. G. P. Butler is Professor of German at the University of Bath. Michael Butler's study *The Plays of Max Frisch* was published last July. Anne Chisholm's *Faces of Hiroshima* was published last year. Anthony Clare is the author, with Sally Thompson, of *Let's Talk About Me: A critical examination of the new psychotherapy*, 1982. Richard Clogg is Reader in Modern Greek History at King's College, London. A. G. Cross's *The Russian Theme in English Literature from the Sixteenth Century to 1980* appeared last year. Roy Foster's *Lord Randolph Churchill: A political life* was published in 1984. Maggie Gee's novels include *Light Years*, 1985. Henry Gifford's books include *Tolstoy*, 1982. Andrzej Gomme directed the 1984 conference of the Society of Architectural Historians on the Northamptonshire country house. Roderick Floyd is the author of *The Economic History of Britain since 1700*, 1981. Christopher Hawtree has introduced a new edition of John Hampden's *Saturday Night at the Greyhound*, which was published last year. Michael Hofmann's new collection of poems, *Aerimony*, will be published later this year. Blake Morrison's collection of poems, *Dark Glasses*, was published in 1984. Julian Morgan is a Professor of English at Rutgers University. Jill Neville's novel, *Last Ferry to Manby*, was published in 1984. Heather O'Donoghue is a Fellow of Somerville College, Oxford. Richard Osborne's *Rossini*, will be published later this year. Valerie Pearl is the President of New Hall, Cambridge. S. S. Prawer's *Heine's Jewish Comedy*, 1980, was reissued in paperback last year. Andrew Saint is Architectural Editor of *The Survey of London*. Frances Spalding's *British Art Since 1900* will be published in May. Gillian Tindall's books include *The Fields Beneath: The history of one London village*, 1977. P. O. Treadwell is a lecturer in English at the Southampton Institute of Higher Education. F. J. Vakkola's *Arab and Regional Politics in the Middle East* was published in 1984. Adam Watson is the author of *Diplomacy*, which was published in 1982. Adrian Woolfbridge is a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford.

## Post-lapsarian lapses

Richard Osborne

GIOACCHINO ROSSINI  
Moses  
Coliseum

Rossini prepared *Mosè e Faraone* for performance at the Paris Opéra in 1827. The last significant staging-post before *Guillaume Tell*, it is a grandiose reworking in the contemporary French style of *Mosè in Egitto*, the finely crafted, stylistically self-sufficient *azione tragico-sacra* which, in the form we now know it, reached the Naples stage, as a Lenten offering, in March 1819. As a revision of an earlier work it is less successful than *Le Siège de Corinthe* (Paris, 1826), which almost certainly deserves its theatrical pre-eminence over *Mosè e Faraone* by a company wealthy enough to lavish on it the kind of scenic and musical resources which the Parisians were prepared to make available to Rossini in the 1820s. Unhappily, such resources are not available to the English National Opera in these comparatively austere times. Having made the wrong strategic decision, they have ended up with a production so remote from the letter and spirit of Rossini's score as to make serious consideration of it extremely difficult.

You need go no further than the ENO programme booklet to determine the kind of evening it is going to be. Notes which are short on accurate information about the genesis of *Mosè e Faraone* and long on tendentious quotations from Menachem Begin are no more likely to inspire confidence than illustrations which confine contemporary documentation to a print of Giuseppina Ronzi de Begnis in an English pastiche of *Mosè in Egitto*, while providing page after page of photographs of recent events in El Salvador, Nigeria, Northern Ireland and South Africa. It is true that Rossini's Paris revision of his Moses opera was seen and heard against the background of the Greek War of Independence, a war to which Rossini was not wholly indifferent. But Rossini's political instincts were, by and large, conservative ones. As a boy he admired his father's exuberant espousal of the Republican cause and he is not afraid to quote the *Marseillaise* in *L'italiana in Algeri*; but even as a young man Rossini distinguished clearly between patriotic ideals, which he equated with communal bonds and family ties, and gratuitous acts of terror of the kind which Keith Warner inserts into his production.

The exemplary contemporary text in all this is *Guillaume Tell* (Paris, 1829), with Rossini's choice and treatment of Schiller's play providing vital clues as to how his *Mosè* might reasonably be seen. Schiller's *Tell*, and Rossini's, may be a freedom-fighter but he is a fighter whose patriotism is determined by his equal prominent roles as father, husband and friend. As Susanne Langer has noted: "he rises to the occasion, overcomes the enemy, frees his country, and returns to the peace, dignity, and harmonious joy of his home", movements grandly registered in Rossini's score. None of this is evident in Warner's treatment of *Mosè e Faraone* which is ugly – dramatically and musically – to the point of perversity. It is, for instance, inconceivable that Rossini would have tolerated Warner's decision – in flagrant contravention of both text and music – to crowd off the action after the crossing of the Red Sea with the Israelites' arrest and assassination of Pharaoh and his entourage. (The resurrection of the saccharine "Cantique" abandoned soon after the 1827 premiere, for the final curtain was doubly bizarre after these events.) Nor would Rossini have made the thing, Mrs Abenshny, Ronald Firbank (a dingy blue blossom of rarity patet), Prince Palamir, a heavy, blue-spotted bowler, and may Olive Moonlight, were those that claimed the greatest respect from a few discerning connoisseurs.

Ronald Firbank, *Franching Nigger*, chapter 12. The bachelor-house of the young compiler of the *Clary-book of Compliments* lay almost at the extremity of Upper Park Avenue. Planned from the beginning by Ronald Firbank, it possessed perhaps everything that a man might wish for except a wife. Pharaoh's son, in her far from fetching robes, Pharaoh's wife in a two-piece with Pharaoh's son looking like a refugee

from *The Family Reunion*, and Pharaoh himself, a figure of immense dignity, Stendhal tells us, at the Naples *prima* of *Mosè in Egitto*, reduced here to a suavely dressed executive head of a minor South American tyranny. It is a tribute to Cathryn Pope, Jane Eaglen (superb in her cobbled-together *Scène et Air* with Chorus in Act 2), Glenn Winslade and his later stand-in, Mark Curtis, and Neil Howlett that they made something of Rossini's taxing music in so alien a context.

Both the designer, Marie-Jeanne Lecca, and the veteran conductor, Alberto Erede, have the misfortune to be making their ENO debuts with this production. Miss Lecca has set the major part of the action in what looks like an airport reception area, liberally supplied with metal crush-barriers; even Act 4, which Rossini has in a desert setting by the banks of the Red Sea, remains in the airport, though since the previous acts a bomb appears to have gone off in the building. Such a setting doesn't augur well for the parting of the waves which is treated as a scenic improvisation which would hardly do credit to a kindergarten Christmas play. Act 1, which consists mainly of grand choruses and otiose spectacle tacked on to the original work for the delectation of the Parisian public, is set by Miss Lecca in a dowdy tent. It is into this context that our modern-dress Pharaoh's son wanders midway through the act, thus affecting a visual solecism at the precise moment when Rossini is to be heard shamelessly pasting a duet from the viginal, *Tancredi*-like world of *Mosè in Egitto* into the gawdy, musically post-lapsarian world of the Paris rewrite.

A conductor versed in the Rossini canon or even peripherally aware of the stylistic clashes which so vitiate *Mosè e Faraone* would have made some attempt to smooth over these awkwardnesses; but Erede seems oblivious of what he is about. Elsewhere his conducting is limp in the recitatives and lacking impetus in all but the biggest ensembles which can develop their own juggernaut motion. As for his confused, meandering reading of the famous "Scene of the Shadows", modelled on the opening of Haydn's *The Creation*, paying open tribute to the music of J. S. Bach, and much admired by Richard Wagner, it would have had the hyperensitive Rossini swooning in disbelief. But, then, Rossini would have recognized very little in this production which, even when judged as an update of the work, can only be said to be a slander on his art and reputation.

## AUTHOR, AUTHOR

## Competition No 265

Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow and to send us the answers so that they reach this office not later than March 7. A prize of £20 is offered for the first correct set of answers opened on that date. The solution and results will appear on March 14.

1 Death to all cast! The Rule of Dogs shall last a thousand years.

2 Cats, no less liquid than their shadows, Offer no angles to the wind.

3 You now have learned enough to see That Cats are much like you and me.

Competition No 261  
Winner: Jane Everson

## Answers:

1 "I suppose I'm getting squeamish! But this Ronald Firbank I can't take to at all. *Yalmouth!* Was there ever a novel more coarse? I assure you I had to yawn very far when I had to put it down."

Ronald Firbank, *The Flower beneath the Foot*, chapter 4.

2 But to their malignant splendour the orchids were the thing. Mrs Abenshny, Ronald Firbank (a dingy blue blossom of rarity patet), Prince Palamir, a heavy, blue-spotted bowler, and may Olive Moonlight, were those that claimed the greatest respect from a few discerning connoisseurs.

Ronald Firbank, *Franching Nigger*, chapter 12.

## COMMENTARY



"The Blue Dress", 1892, by Wilson Steer, from the exhibition reviewed here.

## Continental drift

Frances Spalding

Philip Wilson Steer  
Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge; until March 31

"Either a deliberate 'daub', fulminated the *Daily Telegraph* in 1888, of Philip Wilson Steer's painting "The Bridge", "or so much midsummer madness." High summer prevails at the start of this exhibition. Children paddle in light-flecked shallows, white sails hold the breeze on ultramarine seas. The holiday mood extends to the effortlessness which seems to guide Steer's brush: an insouciant squiggle becomes a child's reflection; blunt touches of impasto scud across the sea's surface where foam or light gathers. Like the seaside itself, Steer's paintings sparkle, effervesce and then, as in "The Bridge", with its two figures silhouetted against the afterglow of sunset, offer a mood of gentle satiety.

This early section is both seductive and stylistically adventurous, giving no hint of what is to come. "Summer at Cowes" is as vibrantly atmospheric as a Monet, whose chopped brushstrokes and high-key colour Steer imitates. He was at this time the only British artist of any note to do so. Most of his fellow landscapists at the New English Art Club, of which he was a founder-member, followed Bastien-Lepage's preference for grey tonalities and overcast skies, and distrusted those evanescent effects at which Steer excelled. He also took account of Neo-Impressionism and in "Krickelbeach" paints the shingled beach in a near pointillist style, with small touches of complementary colours. Stylistically this jars with the children on the beach who are, for the most part, tonally rendered. But in "Girls Running, Walberswick" the complementary contrasts become the groundwork of the entire composition.

It is a strange, intense picture, dream-like but nervous, arranged around a faint diagonal as carefully pointed as the feet of the two prearranged, mannequin-like girls. Dated 1889-94, it has for its neighbour, at the

Fitzwilliam, Steer's "Knaresborough" of 1897. Here the distant view is comfortably reached down a central, receding path, festooned on either side by dense foliage. It is startlingly conservative, not just in its easy compositional stability but also in its allusions to Turner, in its choice of terrain, and to Constable, in its handling of light on foliage. Almost overnight Steer had become an old fogey or a new traditionalist, bent on reversing his earlier allegiance to France. Professionally, he had found little support for his interest in Monet and Seurat; personally, he had suffered the loss of his long-established model, Ross Pettigrew, to whom he was at one point engaged. Meanwhile the Oscar Wilde trial had left in its wake a reactionary distrust of anything aesthetically *outré* or Continental. "Midsummer madness" was a thing of the past.

Many of the oils which follow employ technical mannerisms to give to Chesham Castle, Richmond Castle and other "picturesque" sites a facetious bravura. Steer spent his summers travelling in the footsteps of Turner, later working up oils from sketches in his studio. He now followed no artistic theory but got things done, so he told William Rothenstein, "by muddling about and repainting". This water-colour does not allow and the second half of this show is alleviated by Steer's skill with this medium, his adroit brushwork and succinctness of statement. The tasteful shades into the ludicrous in his oil, "The Mirror", in which two female nudes perform a variation upon Velázquez's *Roque Venus*, in an over-furnished interior with a view over one of the less salutary reaches of the Thames. It is interesting that both Steer and Professor Tonks in their subject pictures edged towards mawkish sentimentality, and one wonders about the effect of the Slade on the teachers whose reputations it halloved. With Steer's comfort increasingly became paramount: he moved out of his studio in 1910 and from then on worked in his drawing-room; and when, out sketching first considered the availability of shade, a public convenience, protection from children and, ultimately, his choice of subject.



# A plan without a maze

Andrew Saint

## SPIRO KOSTOF

*A History of Architecture: Settings and rituals* 788pp, with black-and-white drawings New York: Oxford University Press. \$45. 019 5037424

To write the complete history of architecture is to write the history of mankind. If the same may be said about every great subject, the case of architecture differs from the rest of the pack of human obsessions commonly drawn together under the rubric of "arts". Buildings and environments are required, cannot be escaped, compel and are in their turn compelled. So architecture shares its basic history with technology, agriculture or dress, not with music or painting, the subjects with which it is most often lumped. Literature perhaps can be claimed as a special case, for who can escape the word? But in comparison with architecture, literature relates to the lurching progress of civilization obliquely, more as commentary and less as pure testament. This testamentary aspect distinguishes an all-encompassing history of architecture from that of any of the other arts, and exacts from its aspiring author the scope of a Buckle or a Toynbee.

In embarking upon the most ambitious English-language history of the world's architecture since Banister Fletcher, Spiro Kostof might have been forgiven some early fence-building, some territorial reductions to make his task more manageable and intelligible. One might in particular have anticipated some sort of revisionist decree as to the running of the respective writs of "architecture" and "building". Pevsner, pronouncing in his *Outline of European Architecture*, was crisp and decisive: "a bicycle shed is a building; Lincoln Cathedral is a piece of architecture". In other words, aesthetic ambition and a conscious sense of design had to be proven before a historian was obliged to take a building seriously. Nowadays we are less sure. Vernacular architecture is admired the world over, and we smart from the blows of those who failed to heed our total environment, who dismantled the bicycle sheds because they could discern no cathedrals. Professor Kostof's introductory response to this is a hungry one; anything built is admitted to the architectural canon. More, indeed: architecture is to be judged, in relation to a "broader physical framework and not just in terms of itself", as well as to a complete set of material and historical values and purposes.

This lusty hunger for inclusiveness explains the length of Kostof's triple-columned book. What then are its principles of discrimination, and how sharp does the author's appetite remain as he gobbles up the centuries? The subtitle, "Settings and rituals", offers the intended frame of interpretation. The words appear chosen in careful avoidance of a staler pair, "styles and functions". They may have been selected early on, as Kostof grappled with the lost cities of the Near East, with stone circles, temple complexes and the whole wordless witness of the antique. Ancient building devours a valiant third of the book, much of it devoted to the shaping and sociology of communities. With the choice of "settings" there can be no quarrel, as the commitment is a sustained one. Whether his topic is Cahillayok and Hattusas, the growth of medieval French towns, the papal reincarnation of Rome, pre-Columbian Mexico and Peru, or the centration of virgin American territory, Kostof furnishes an empirical account of town planning richer and more discursive than anything previously on offer.

"Rituals" is not so happy. Kostof asks the term to embrace commodity, function and purpose, the effect proposed by architecture on the human mind as well as the service it provides for the human frame, to paraphrase Ruskin. But it proves too elusive to give shape to the book. Kostof intends it as a way of escaping the sterility of functionalism, a device for reconciling his empirical endeavours with the fashionable issue of "meaning" in architecture. This thread is soon lost. Instead, as the pages go by, the reader perceives a familiar agenda (never explicitly admitted) reasserting itself: the history of architectural style, above all the classical style.

Such further discrimination as takes place in

Kostof's digestion of his great global meal does so because of who he is and where he is. At the start of the book he likens the reader to the recumbent stylite depicted in a painting by Thomas Cole, "The Architect's Dream", watching the panorama of the world's buildings unfold before him "like a hybrid movie set". Consciously or not, Kostof's is a view of world architecture seen from the California college lecture hall. The panoramic reel rolls by, astutely cut by a director with great gifts for synthesis, narrative, the glowing description and the telling phrase. The United States are "we" or "us" and receive a hefty but never prejudicial apportionment of space in the last third of the book, which goes under a title too reminiscent of the "me generation", "The Search for Self". Happily, its contents belie this seeming preoccupation with the architecture of the lotus-eaters.

Western Europe cannot complain about its casting. The author knows his Greece, Italy, France and Britain inside out, although he is slight on Germany and Austria and very thin on Scandinavia and Russia. Beyond that the geographical picture is disappointing, all the more so after some sharp opening words have damned Banister Fletcher's *History of Architecture on the Comparative Method* for its disparagement of Eastern building traditions. Kostof sails off in good spirits to Asia and Egypt and soon drops in at China, Africa and India, but we hardly hear of their cultures again. Pre-Columbian America is better served, and there are valuable passages on Islamic architecture and planning. A preface concedes the shortcoming, pleading that the inclusion of other cultures, however partial, at least stops Western architecture from appearing as "an insulated and wholly logical progression". But the mere juxtaposition in Kostof's brilliant urban evocations of Florence and Cairo, Venice and Istanbul (all essentially Mediterranean cities) does not prevent that appearance. Western architectural values go in effect unchallenged. Since these values now reign in cities the world over the bias may not be an unreasonable one, but it diminishes the claim to inclusiveness. At the least, some account of

Western architecture's impact upon indigenous cultures was needed, to balance the patient clarity with which Kostof explains what the West took from elsewhere.

This, then, is at bottom a traditional history of architectural development. It is expounded with concentration, elegance and consistency, but it does not disturb shibboleths or venture alternative priorities. Except for the valuable insistence on totalities and a certain humility of tone, it might have been written decades ago. Mies, Le Corbusier and Gropius remain the three kings of modern architecture, dethroned perhaps from the seats of current fashion but still proffering their gifts of unquestioned value. Further back, the conventional moral linkages between politics, culture and art may be attenuated but they are never quite broken, despite passing approval for Geddes's dictum that architectural form may not be perfected until the institution it embodies is close to decay. Periclean Athens, for instance, stands unshaken at the centre of Kostof's loving account of classical Greek architecture. Tyrants or oligarchs may build as well as slave-owning democracies, but they contrive to appear less pertinent to our tastes; and though the international architecture of late Hellenism is no longer dismissed, so sophisticated a city as Pergamon has still to be seen by virtue of its hapless position in the political cycle as a piece of nostalgia, a falling-off from what went before, a "swan song". In the same way, Perpendicular and Flamboyant flit quickly by because they belong to the "florid Gothic sunset".

Often Kostof allows himself the slick political judgment, not good for the American student who is going to be the book's chief reader. Republican Florence becomes the focus of an argument about personal freedoms and natural rights; after the First World War, "a left-wing revolutionary fervor was now abroad" all over Europe, where the concentration of workers on housing estates "could be said to fulfill the Marxist doctrine of raising class consciousness". Such jarring generalizations arise not from any coarseness of intellectual approach or political understanding, but from the straits to which Kostof is driven in the search for an

organizing principle. For when it is considered on the scale attempted in this book, the history of architecture is a very messy business. What Kostof admits the mess, and acknowledges the disparity of scales and styles to be found in one city or at any one time, when he switches from the Turkish mosque to the small houses, from Italy to France or Germany and back again, he does outstandingly well. The reader never has the least trouble in following him.

Because of this ability, it is a shame that so much of the discussion, from Karnak to the Illinois Institute of Technology, is geared to the history of the classical tradition in architecture. Kostof's Mediterranean preoccupations lead him to uphold classicism as the international bond of Western architecture, the central position from which deviation took place at certain times. But he overstates the degree of acceptance which classicism enjoyed in European and American building, where it is construed as planning principle or as an architectural language. It can, for instance, be argued that ordinary houses, in which Kostof takes a spasmodic interest, were only lightly touched by classical influences before the nineteenth century. Again, in the England of the early Stuarts, one can find the classical extremism of Inigo Jones rubbing shoulders with late "prodigy" houses of the Elizabethan type, a revived castle or two, the occasional Gothic church, and an entirely different kind of tradition of timber-framed housing; of these, Kostof mentions only Jones. English architecture may be cranky and picturesque but it is not unique. A homogeneous style of building in any one country is exceptional, we usual, and it ought to be a part of any complete history of architecture to admit this simple but rarely expressed truth. Kostof goes half-way there. He is far from moralistic about the conservatism of the nineteenth century, and at the end of the book he does his best to be relaxed about what he calls "the present disorder", the architectural pluralism of our most recent times. Do we really need an all-pervasive style for today? he asks. The answer is reasonably no; and, thank goodness, we have never had one.

Tensor are consistently impressive. Watson has perhaps the best Norman carving in the country, Bulwick a steeple worthy to compare with Oundle's; Polebrook, with its extraordinary plan, is admirably unspoiled. The Commissioners don't really explain the Polebrook plan; but an interesting chronological table plans enables one to follow the growth of the centuries of all twenty-two medieval churches. There are likewise plans of all historical house-forms, for which a new historical, following Eric Merrett's work on nuclear houses, has been evolved.

Two, or perhaps four, monuments stand out — the enormous early seventeenth-century celebration of Sir Anthony Munday at Apethorpe, one of the most impressive dates in England, and the Lynn monument to Southwick, here (following Gainsborough) attributed to Roubiliac, though the pair of identical posthumous monuments to the two Dukes of York founded and built Fortheringhay have a formal frigidity. Of houses, apart from Apethorpe there is none of the first rank; less one counts the noble fourteenth-century surviving at Southwick; and, as mentioned, at Nassington Prebendal, of which Dance's spectacular entrance hall is a fine example.

Of churches in the area, Fortheringhay stands out — a building, as the Commissioners put it, of almost royal status and, perhaps in consequence, very uncharacteristic even of Perpendicular architecture in Northamptonshire. Tantalizingly, none of the great puzzle churches of the county lies within the survey, and we must await the forthcoming volume for news of Oundle, Raunds and Rothwell. The standard of church architecture is, however, very high — Warrington outstanding with its rare thirteenth-century clerestory and even rarer wooden vault; King's Cliffe, Nassington and

# The City divided

Valerie Pearl

## GARY STUART DE KREY

*A Fractured Society: The politics of London in the first age of party 1688-1715* 304pp, Oxford: Clarendon Press. £25. 019800576

This excellent book studies the deeply divided political attitudes within London's ruling élite during and after the Revolution of 1688. Gary Stuart De Krey's method is to analyse the politics of municipal leaders, of overseas merchants and industrial employers, and of the most prominent and wealthiest Dissenters. He asks four main questions. Why did the Revolution of 1688 spark off a movement, sponsored by leading City Whigs, for radical constitutional reform? Why did Whigs and Tories reverse their respective programmes, particularly after 1702, the Whigs abandoning the cause of constitutional reform which the Tories increasingly espoused? What were the business interests of the City's political leaders before 1688 and during the following two decades? How strongly represented were Dissenters among the City's commercial and political leadership immediately before and after the Revolution and in the years that followed?

It is a measure of the value of the book that answers to some of the more intractable of these questions are offered for the first time. Economic and intellectual aspects have been integrated with the political history and illustrated in statistical form. There are, in this comparatively short book, twenty-seven tables and figures, much of the data coming from the author's own researches. Thus, there are numerical analyses of many Nonconformist activities in London — their church organizations, office-holdings, trade turnover, overseas trade and participation in both joint-stock investment and joint-stock directorships. For merchants on the London livery we are given, first, their area of trading specialization, then the party they supported, where they mainly traded, the size of their trade by value, their joint-stock investments and the duration of trading activity. Livery companies receive the same detailed attention, so do the liverymen, and finally, party support in Common Council is arranged according to the inner City or middle City attachment of members, by their real wealth and by their occupations.

The Revolution of 1688 ushered in a period of unparalleled radical agitation in London, an agitation which manifested itself powerfully both in the streets and in Common Council. An inevitable outcome of the earlier royal abrogation of privileges, it had deeper roots also in the national crisis and in the City's own constitutional conflicts, dating back to the Puritan revolution and earlier. Sensing that in 1689 both William and Parliament sought to tip the balance of power against them, the City Whigs elaborated a constitutional plan of such moderation that it would not have been out of keeping in the debates on municipal reform a century and a half later. They sought to put power in the City into the hands of Common Council, to abolish the aldermanic veto and to make the decision of the municipality's chief executive officers — the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and the City franchise. At one stroke, the hierarchical power of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen would be at an end and Common Council transformed into a sovereign, representative body of a modern kind.

How such radical proposals could have been accepted, much less accepted, goes beyond De Krey's brief to explain. No doubt the immediate motivation was to forestall future royal interference with aldermanic and other officeholders, a form of pressure from which the City had long suffered. The author refers to the wide franchise for ratepayers and freemen participating in the wardmotes, which provided a political consciousness and a local concern that could easily lead to a demand for more say at the City's centre. He discusses the origin of the Whig reform proposals, which were put forward by a committee of Common Council dominated by some of the most powerful Whig leaders in the City, including six future directors of the Bank of England, a former Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Mordaunt, and a future one, Sir Humphrey

Edwin. Many of the committee had suffered imprisonment and fines under Charles II and James II. They may also have been influenced by the spate of pamphlets appearing in these months which justified the Convention Parliament by expounding contractual theories of government. Naturally, the Tories saw it as a dangerous plot to turn the City into a commonwealth and move the clock back to the revolutionary days of 1641 and 1642. If the arrival in town of the ageing regicide Edmund Ludlow was sinister, the sudden elevation to an alderman by the City Whigs of the ex-Leveller leader John Wildman, now aged more than seventy, was positively alarming.



Matthew Spraggins, Justice of the Peace, is reproduced from a recent edition of *Reverend Walter Sneyd and Frances, Countess of Morley's The Spraggins Gallery*, which was first published, privately, in 1829. This new edition, with an introduction by Nicolas Barker, also privately published — for the members of the National Trust — is available from *The Paragon Press, Alburgh, Norfolk IP20 0B2* (£23.50. 0948285 052).

Here, perhaps, De Krey keeps too tightly to his statistical approach, for the story and the underlying clash of forces cry out for some evocation of personality. He does not discuss the inspiration of the proposed reforms: Did it come from Wildman? They bear a family resemblance to earlier constitutional innovations adopted by the Baptist and Independent-dominated Common Council in 1652, at a time when Wildman was very active. To the aged Leveller it may have seemed in 1689 that destiny was about to take another and more glorious turn, even to restore the rule of the Saints. Alas, for Wildman and his eminent, perhaps politically artless supporters, the radicalism of these proposals alarmed even moderate Whig common councillors. Moreover the revival of the theatre of street politics, the mass petitioning and demonstrations, accompanied by some of the popular manifestations and pressures of 1641, alienated a large body of citizens and provoked parliamentary intervention, as it had earlier in the century. Once more, extreme City politics had provoked a reaction; and the electorate now turned to express more traditional views in defence of the City constitution and of the Anglican Church put forward by the Tories.

One of the most intriguing sections of this book explains not only how the radical programme came to be jettisoned by the Whigs but how part of it, in time, came to be adopted by the Tories. Religious and political conflict over war, taxation and the power of dissent eventually led to a Tory victory in the Common Council elections of 1704, a position they held and improved on during the rest of the decade. Meanwhile, the Whigs still controlled the Court of Aldermen. Faced by the same political impasse that had earlier troubled the Whigs, the Tories chose a similar solution by demanding more power for Common Council, although their programme was less radical than their opponents' had been. Now that the Whigs were the party of wealth and power, their leaders became in turn the supporters of aldermanic oligarchy and privilege, just like their royalist forbears under the two Charleses. This stealing of one another's clothes established a long-lasting pattern in eighteenth-century City politics. It also underlined the extent of conflict within the capital. The deep division within the ranks of the élite is well brought out by De Krey's research, which reveals that the community of overseas trading merchants was

probably more or less equally split between Whigs and Tories before the Revolution of 1688. Then, in the 1690s, the creation of the Bank of England and the opening up of the eastern trades produced greatly enlarged opportunities for investment, which were taken up by merchants whose allegiances are shown by the author to have been Whig rather than Tory, although, as he also shows, their loyalties may well have post-dated their investment. At this point, the evidence for a victorious bourgeois class in London is strong — stronger certainly than at any earlier period in the century. In the previous upheavals of the 1640s and 1650s, and even down to the 1670s, merchant groups appeared to be more often royalist or Tory in sympathy than parliamentary or Whig.

In the merchant community as a whole in the 1690s, however, divisions of opinion between groups of merchants still existed. The Tory leaders in the City before 1688, and well into the next century, were some of the leading industrial employers, far more of whom were Tory than Whig; included in their number were some of the largest brewers, builders, munition manufacturers, clothiers and ironmongers. Some older monopolistic trades also had a majority of Tories and royalists among their wealthiest men, such as the directors of the old East India Company and the Royal African Company; members of the former had displayed similar allegiances as far back as the 1640s. Why some wealthy overseas traders (including a high proportion of the Levant Company merchants, for example) supported the Revolution and the Whigs, whilst other groups did not, still needs investigation. It is awkward for proponents of a simplistic version of the theory of a bourgeois revolution in seventeenth-century England that large industrial employers should have been so predominantly Tory. More easily explicable is the royalism and Toryism of leading monopolistic joint-stock company merchants because of their close ties to the Crown through the grant of privileges and charters.

If a section only of great and wealthy City men supported the Whigs, were the City merchants and the electorate more united behind a common religious ideology? De Krey has analysed the number of Dissenters among the City's trading and municipal élite and has

found that they were in a minority in City office both before and after 1688; they held about one-fifth of élite positions in 1690. However, their position was strengthened as a result of the creation of the Bank of England and the expansion of the overseas trading companies in the 1690s; while still leaving Dissenters in an overall minority, by 1715 some of the most powerful City offices were held by them or persons from dissenting backgrounds, including over two-fifths of all directorships of the Bank of England. Their accumulation of high office, sometimes through the device of occasional conformity, further alienated small retailers and artisans. Antagonism erupted in the Sacheverell affair of 1709-10, which the author calls "a symbol of populist resentment of the Bank, of wealthy city dissenters, and of a Whig war policy that seemed to be undermining the domestic economy". Heavy taxes and economic upsets helped to stir up a frenzy of party conflict, and so did the press, now free of licensing, which played its part in preserving the Tory loyalties of City shopkeepers and artisans until the last quarter of the eighteenth century.

It is remarkable that the conflicts around 1710 should have provided such strong echoes of the struggles of the 1640s. As De Krey writes: "What is most noteworthy about the entire corpus of popular Sacheverellite literature is the manner in which Church propaganda vividly placed the early eighteenth century religious divide in a mid-seventeenth century context." Such old battle-cries were internalized by the City plebs, "who sought explanations and redress for their war-time political disillusionment and for their social despair". The stock figure of an opulent Dissenter served to brand the Whigs as the party of wealth in the 1690s, and to focus plebeian hostility. The fractured state of politics continued with reminders of past battles. In 1715, a Jacobite crowd pointedly included effigies of Cromwell among those they maligned while crying "Down with the Rump" and "No Presbyterian Government". The revival of the history of the religious and political struggle of the Puritan revolution was a measure of the deep divisions among London's citizens which would dominate City life for the next half-century or more.

## Church and cow-house

Andor Gomme

*An Inventory of the Historical Monuments in the County of Northampton* Volume Six: Architectural Monuments in North Northamptonshire. 196pp, HMSO. £45. 0117009962

This is the first Royal Commission on Historical Monuments survey devoted to the buildings of Northamptonshire, as opposed to the archaeology (now complete in five volumes). The Commission is, however, in the process of changing its direction and method and its next two Northamptonshire volumes, already far advanced, will be historical surveys of churches and great houses across the county as a whole. Looking back to a pre-war volume one notes how little the style has changed. Each parish is likely of course to have a far longer entry (to cover all the eighteenth and nineteenth-century buildings now included), and the historical introduction has become a substantial, anonymous book-length study — the maps and plans have lost their flamboyant lettering and decorative fanciness. But the pattern is still the same — church first, with historical summary followed by detailed "architectural description", noble or gentry houses (ditto), and then the rash of smaller fry — "No 26, one story and attic, class 4a, 18th-century. N. cross wing of two storeys, with date-panel '1822', includes a bake-house; behind is a 19th-century range of cow-houses and barn".

The architectural descriptions are not lively and they open the question of whether bit-by-bit verbal description is the best way to record buildings, now that such a variety of techniques is available for visual display. Who actually will use them? Conservation officers, one hopes, local historians working in restricted fields, reviewers of Department of the Environment lists and *The Buildings of England*; not, assuredly,

the general public, who may likewise be daunted by the dense detail of a seventy-page introduction to such a tiny patch of England. All the same, it is something of a pity that the Commissioners' dedication to their area seems to impede their stepping outside to make comparisons which might throw light on their own field: was the plasterwork at Fineshade, for example, by the same stuccoist as that at Cranley, well to the south-west? And, if so might he be Thomas Roberts? The Commissioners are not to be drawn into speculation, or, often, into judgments of merit other than those implied by the length of their descriptions. The historical accounts of the more important buildings are much more easily readable; one of them — that of Apethorpe Hall, the only surviving great country house in the area and a very little-known one — has involved a piece of historical and archaeological research of the first magnitude and importance.

"North Northamptonshire" turns out to be only the north-east tip of the present county, containing no more than twenty-four parishes out of about 350. It is a quiet land without industry or towns. The twentieth century has mostly left it alone, and there have luckily been few significant losses, though Blatherwycke Hall and Fineshade Abbey could ill be spared in a district short of Georgian distinction; both are nevertheless described and illustrated in the inventory.

Of churches in the area, Fortheringhay stands out — a building, as the Commissioners put it, of almost royal status and, perhaps in consequence, very uncharacteristic even of Perpendicular architecture in Northamptonshire. Tantalizingly, none of the great puzzle churches of the county lies within the survey, and we must await the forthcoming volume for news of Oundle, Raunds and Rothwell. The standard of church architecture is, however, very high — Warrington outstanding with its rare thirteenth-century clerestory and even rarer wooden vault; King's Cliffe, Nassington and

## SURVEY OF LONDON

Volume XLII

### Southern Kensington:

### Kensington Square to Earl's Court

This volume, scheduled for publication at the end of March, concludes the work of the SURVEY OF LONDON on the parish of Kensington. It describes an area bounded by the High Street, Gloucester Road and Old Brompton Road, which includes Kensington Square, Edwards Square, Kensington New Town, Collingham Gardens, St Mary Abbot's Hospital and the Earl's Court Exhibition. The buildings dealt with range in date from the late 1680s to 1983.

About 175 pages of text, 152 pages of plates, 160 line drawings, coloured frontispiece and end-pieces map

The price on publication will be £55 but copies ordered before 28 February will cost only £41.25 — a pre-publication discount of 25%

Until 31 December 1986 the four Kensington volumes of the SURVEY are being offered for sale at the special price of £150 instead of £200. In addition to Volume XLII the Kensington set comprises Volumes XXXVII, *Northern Kensington* (1973), XXXVIII, *The Museums Area of South Kensington and Westminster* (1975) and XLI, *Southern Kensington: Brompton* (1983)

Copies of Volume XLII and of the Kensington set may be ordered through booksellers or from the Survey of London, Chesham House, 30 Warwick Street, London W1R 6AB (734 8144).



Part of a line drawing (reduced in size) of Collingham Gardens











# The Age of Anxiety

Blake Morrison

If children's literature in the 1960s exemplified a neo-Romanticism, with childhood seen as an age of holy if sometimes unruly innocence, we are now passing into an Age of Anxiety in which books for four-to-seven-year-olds worry away at the worries of the young. From sibling rivalry and peer group aggression to the problem of having an overbearing single parent or too small a bedroom, the present clutch of picture books seek to "cure" or reassure-troubled children by bringing their difficulties into the open. But admiration for such sensitivity and "awareness" is tempered by the feeling that few of these picture books demonstrate that relish for narrative which distinguishes the best children's literature. It may be no coincidence that the most imaginative of them is, simply, wordless. John Prater's *The Gift* begins with a workaday psychological insight - that children are often more interested in the boxes containing presents than in the presents themselves - but thereafter achieves narrative lift-off as a brother and sister steer their magic cardboard box through the air, under the sea and into remote jungles. If rather indebted in format to Raymond Briggs's *The Snowman*, it is no less engrossing a tale for that.

Judy Blume's *The Pain and the Great One*, on the other hand, illustrates the problem of the problem picture book. Dedicated to "the original Pain and Great One with love", it explores an elder sister's jealous resentment of her younger brother and vice versa: the droopy illustrations of peeved stares and sulky mouths bear out the message that what each child wants is, in Auden's phrase, "not universal love / but to be loved alone". But there is no story, no development, no structure beyond a fearfully obvious symmetry of her tale and his: the narrative vacancy swallows up the book's cathartic intentions.

Mary Rayner's *Crocodarling* is no less earnestly Freudianizing and no more of a story. Sam's attachment to his soppy christened toy reptile evidently bears some relation to his worries about nursery school and in particular

about the bullying Henry. The characterization is authentic enough - awkward toddler, impatient mother ("I've had about enough of this today, now what's the matter?"), projection of tangled feelings on to the wretched pet crocodile - but the story is lacking in direction, as if unsure what to make of its psychological insights. The same holds true for Mary Dickinson's *Jilly, You Look Terrible*, about a small girl who defies her mother by running amok with clothes and make-up at a wedding. The drawings are insistently cheerful, the text ideologically correct (single parent, multi-racial wedding party, "understanding" adults) but the dénouement is disappointing, and the story restricts its potential readership to little girls who like dressing up.

Mira Lobe's *Christopher Wants a Parry* is more enterprising. If they were not still living in the tiny two-room bachelor pad his father had before marrying, Christopher could have friends round for his birthday. Instead he must sit tearfully in a posh tea-shop, ignored by his mother and granny, and patronized by the waiter. The cake-stand comes to his rescue, lifting him tier by tier into a sequence of compensatory dream-worlds, all of them bustling with children, and in the process providing the centre of the book with a gimmicky pull-out supplement. Back down to earth, Christopher finds his fortunes changing for the better and his small bedroom expanding excitingly. Winifred Ongenorth's drawings blend the modern urban world with the grimy gothic.

Gothic is more apparent in Juliet and Charles Snape's *Where Do the Wicked Witches Live?*, in which a small boy roams widely to find the answer to that question, continually (it seems) being sent on false tracks but in fact (or on closer examination) missing what is under his nose: the book uses the old play of the hidden picture, as witches and their spooky paraphernalia conceal themselves in the textures of trees, rocks, houses, clouds. A child's fascination with and fear of the unknown is also the theme of *Knock Knock Who's There?*, as a girl in bed with her teddy imagines (in answer to her question) a series of horrible creatures outside her door: less terrified readers will

find that all there is to it. The creaky narrative makes no concession to early readers, and the illustrations are at once slack and wooden. It is, in fact, a reissue of a story first published nine years ago, but it recalls the anodyne and prosy style of children's books from much further back; all it demonstrates is the depressing power of a television name to sell the most unlikely material.

*The Mysteries of Harris Burdick* neatly evades the question of what part illustrations play in books for older children by throwing it straight back at the reader. The book consists of fourteen haunting pictures, each embellished only by a title and a quotation. They allegedly constitute a "portfolio", left thirty years ago as a sample with a publisher, never matched with the full stories and never claimed by their mysterious author. There is something slightly but harmlessly odd about this; the fuzzy soft-focus monochrome drawings make such a range of recently fashionable references (Wyeth, Hopper, Parrish, Magritte) that it is hard to believe that they date from the 1950s. But their surreal implications raise interesting echoes: a clipboard house lifts off like a rocket, a liner looms up jammed down a Venetian canal, a seated nun levitates in the aisle of a Romanesque cathedral, and the reader is implicitly required to reconstruct the stories that inspired them. It is a clever do-it-yourself outfit, rather like a game of literary consequences. How much mileage there is in it is another matter; but it may stand as a tribute to the eternal ingenuity of publishers determined to plug an awkwardly shaped gap.

Barbara Baynes' *How Dog Began* and his *Friend Gwendoline*, illustrated by Madeleine Wagh, Angus and Robertson, £5.95, 0 207 14924 9. Pauline Baynes' *How Dog Began*, Methuen, £4.95, 0 416 31090 5. James Herriot's *Only One Wolf*, illustrated by Peter Barrett, Michael Joseph, £4.95, 0 7181 2602 5. Charles Vasey's *The Mysteries of Harris Burdick*, Andersen, £5.95, 0 416 31090 5.

and that is all there is to it. The creaky narrative makes no concession to early readers, and the illustrations are at once slack and wooden. It is, in fact, a reissue of a story first published nine years ago, but it recalls the anodyne and prosy style of children's books from much further back; all it demonstrates is the depressing power of a television name to sell the most unlikely material.



Bandieros about to be defeated by Ferdinand; one of Robert Lawson's illustrations from *Mura Lobe's classic tale of passive resistance*, *The Story of Ferdinand* (Hamish Hamilton, £3.95, 0 241 90177 4), which was first published in 1937 and has recently been reissued.

notice that all of these monsters wear the same pair of bedroom slippers and will thus be less surprised by the father's reassuring entrance, on the last page; but, surprised or not, they won't mind reading the book again.

Two books explore children's relationships with old people. The strength of Niki Daly's *Not So Fast Sogololo* - about a boy going to buy new shoes with his grandma, and set in (and using dialect from) southern Africa - is its superbly articulate drawings of blacks; the text is verbose in comparison, the story-line thin. James Stevenson's pictures are likewise the saving grace of *I Know A Lady*, by Charlotte Zolotow, a preachy homage to elderliness with a bafflingly oxymoronic conclusion: "If I was an old lady and she was a little girl I would love her a lot the way I do now."

With all the pitfalls awaiting the writer who attempts psychoanalysis, social work or child guidance, it is easy to see why animals retain their appeal. Where naturalistic accounts of toddlers remain earthbound, pigs can fly: "two legs bad, four legs good" is a motto by which many children's authors have profited. But Inga Moore's tale of a pig, *The Truffle Hunter*, her follow-up to the excellent *The Vegetable Thief*, is original, off-beat and without palpable design upon its audience. Despite the title, it is not a book for or about a gourmet: poor

Marine wouldn't know a truffle, if she had one, which is why her exasperated defence finally abandons her in the woods of the dog. But in a Lascaux-like cave, she meets Raoul, a wild boar who teaches her to recognize truffles, rediscover her porcine essence, and pack up "civilization" for good. The drawings of rural France, so apt for this Rousseauesque tale, are splendid.

John Prater: *The Gift*. Bodley Head, £5.95, 0 8503 2811 1. Judy Blume: *The Pain and the Great One*. Dutton by Irene Trivas. Heinemann, £5.95, 0 434 92881 1. Mary Rayner: *Crocodarling*. Collins, £4.95, 0 195212 9. Mary Dickinson: *Jilly, You Look Terrible*. Illustrated by Joanna Stubbs. Deutsch, £3.95, 0 2321978 5.

Mira Lobe: *Christopher Wants a Parry*. Illustrated by Winifred Ongenorth and translated by Ian Carter. Oxford University Press, £4.95, 0 192708 1. Juliet and Charles Snape: *Where Do the Wicked Witches Live?* Julia MacRae, £5.25, 0 8503 2811 1. Sally Grindley: *Knock Knock Who's There?* Illustrated by Anthony Browne. Hamish Hamilton, £5.50, 0 241 11559 0. Niki Daly: *Not So Fast Sogololo*. Gallancz, £4.51, 575 030605 2. Charlotte Zolotow: *I Know A Lady*. Illustrated by James Stevenson. Hutchinson, £5.95, 0 09 15906 7. Inga Moore: *The Truffle Hunter*. Andersen, £5.95, 86264 104 7.

## Fast and frantic

Heather O'Donoghue

TERRY JONES  
Nicobobinus  
Illustrated by Michael Foreman  
175pp. Pavilion, £7.95.  
1 85145 000 9

*Nicobobinus* is the story of the adventure of a boy and girl in a fantasy world of dragons, moving mountains and shark-infested seas. The illustrations are good and the narrative is funny, exciting and extraordinarily inventive. But although it seems to have all the ingredients of a successful children's book, it is unsatisfactory in several respects. Nicobobinus, the name of the boy in the story (his partner, a girl called Rosie, is not represented in the title) is itself an uncertain start - it is neither witty nor catchy, and none of the several ways it might be pronounced gives a very natural rhythm in English.

As a character, Nicobobinus is equally elusive. The book begins by calling him "the most extraordinary child who ever stuck his tongue out at the Prime Minister" - a good simple comic line, but since his adventures begin and end in medieval Venice, and mostly take place in a sort of never-never land, a distractingly inappropriate one. Moreover, the promise of an iconoclastic, naughty hero is never fulfilled; Nicobobinus never comes alive as a character the reader might admire, identify with, or be shocked at. In fact, although we are also told that he "could do anything", Nicobobinus is disappointingly feeble, and spends much of the story unpleasantly coddled by two heavy, dragging, golden feet after a terrifying encounter with a malevolent golden man.

Rosie initially seems promising, and there are moments when she seems to be a real

but she soon settles into being a completely supportive companion for Nicobobinus, although very brave for a girl, she bursts into tears when things get on top of her. The narrative is fast to the point of being frantic. Almost every chapter ends on a note of backstage suspense - "Nicobobinus stepped into the amazing room he'd ever seen" - for example, or, "Rosie suddenly found herself peering into the faces of the most evil looking men she'd ever seen in her life". The author intrudes playfully into the narrative from time to time, and gives himself a role in the events; rather forced way.

Nicobobinus's and Rosie's adventures are amusingly various, but the book's descriptions are so bizarre that there is a note of parody; in one scene, for example, a dragon leaps into a rainbow lake and until they are into one another and form "a wide sparkling causeway across the rainbow valley". The strange castle that still span [sic] slowly toward and round in the centre". The most curious parts of the book - and the funniest - are in which Terry Jones settles into a familiar, satirically comic mode: there is an enormous hypocritical, practical monk, for example, who plan to kill Nicobobinus by a trap; a him to an iron cage over an immense fire while rats gnaw through the crucial bit of the plot; and the monks themselves will not put it, be stained with the guilt of a child's death.

The narrative climax of the book is a collision of men and dragons. But it is not as exciting as a passing interest in the collision, because the dragons before the collision are very thin on the ground, and the cause the episode has no developed significance either: there is no sense of what is at stake in any way.

## Academic freedom and the perils of sponsorship

continued from page 164

matter. There were prolonged and heated debates in various university committees and in the Senate as to the propriety of Toynbee's conduct. By and large, the academic members of the Senate sided with Toynbee, and he had a particularly strong champion in Professor Graham Wallis of the LSE. The principal of the university, however, and a sizeable group of lay members, including Canon J. A. Douglas, the secretary of the Crusade for the Redemption of Saint Sophia, were in the opposing camp. One member of the anti-Toynbee faction, indeed, was to argue that the academic freedom of a professor did not imply a licence to behave like a cad. After much agonized, and frequently acrimonious debate, in both college and university, the matter was resolved when, in late 1923, Toynbee submitted his resignation. This was to take effect in July 1924 at the end of the initial five-year term to which he had been appointed. His decision was a courageous one, given that he had no certainty of another job and that he had a young family to support.

The only condition which Toynbee had attached to his resignation was that he should be free to make a public statement about the circumstances of his departure. This he did in a letter to *The Times* on January 3, 1924. In this he pointed out that he had first offered to resign as early as May 1921 and emphasized that he had been quite unaware of the conditions attaching to the chair until the fourth year of his tenure. Had he learnt of them on the day of his appointment then he would have withdrawn. Had he learnt of them at Yalova in Asia Minor, on May 24, 1921, when he had first encountered direct evidence of Greek atrocities, he would have done precisely what he had done since then. He concluded with a quotation (which was not published) from Polybius to the effect that only the truth was acceptable to a chronicler of public events.

The letter in *The Times* brought the dispute into the open and provoked a further flurry of controversy. But most press comment was favourable to Toynbee. *The Yorkshire Observer*, for instance, denounced the University of London as a "stronghold of Greco-phillism". One particularly stirring defence of Toynbee and the principle of academic freedom, cou-

pled with an attack on the university for accepting an endowment with unacceptable strings attached, appeared in *The Nation and Athenaeum*. Published anonymously, it had been written by Gilbert Murray.

Soon after his resignation had become public knowledge, Toynbee, in a curious twist to the tale, was approached by the Turkish minister in London with the offer of a post in the University of Istanbul. As the minister put it, Toynbee's name was universally esteemed on account of his services to the Turkish cause. On his latest visit to Turkey, Toynbee had been nobbed with a number of the leaders of the independence struggle and had spent one unprofitable evening trying to convince a sceptical and whisky-swilling Atatürk of the paramount importance of personal relations in both public and private life. Toynbee did not turn down the Turkish government's offer out of hand, but soon afterwards his old mentor in the Foreign Office, Sir James Headlam-Morley, came to the rescue with a commission to write an annual survey of international affairs for Chatham House.

Although the subscribers were now rid of Toynbee, they none the less felt aggrieved that he had been allowed to resign with what they considered to be the mildest of rebukes on the part of the university, namely a Senate resolution to the effect that the subscribers' committee had been fully justified in deploring "the circumstances which had imperilled the continuance of the Koraeas chair". The subscribers did not, however, as they were entitled to, call for the return of the endowment, although at least one member of the committee regarded the continuance of the chair as a complete waste of money.

Some adroit diplomacy by the principal of the university, Sir Edwin Cooper Perry, who believed the subscribers to have been "wounded in the house of friends", resulted in a revision of the terms of the original endowment. This was handed over to the university in perpetuity. But if the university now had control of the purse strings and the subscribers had lost their right to make representations about the work of the department, in one crucial respect the influence of the donors over the chair actually increased under the new dis-

pensation. The subscribers now had the right to nominate two of their number as members of the Board of Advisers who would advise the Senate on the appointment of a new professor.

The two subscribers' representatives involved in the election of Toynbee's successor were Joannes Gennadius, who at the time of the first election had been primarily concerned to root out heresy on the language question, and John Mavrogordato, an Anglo-Greek who was subsequently to be appointed Bywater and Sotheby Professor of Byzantine and Modern Greek at Oxford. The electors' choice was F. H. Marshall, reader in classics at Birkbeck College, London. His interests in the Byzantine and Ottoman periods were to prove uncontroversial, doubtless to the relief of the college and university authorities. Only during the early 1960s was the right of the subscribers and their successors to a say in the appointment of the Koraeas Professor formally terminated.

In his old age, Toynbee was able to take a relaxed view of his stormy tenure of the Koraeas chair. He dismissed the incident as ancient history and showed no inclination to try to apportion blame for the contretemps. He was grateful for the fact that a resignation that was only in a formal sense voluntary had paved the way for his career at Chatham House, the annual surveys of international affairs and, eventually, *The Study of History*. Indeed, it is difficult to envisage his restless historical imagination being long confined even by the relatively generous strait-jacket of Byzantine and modern Greek studies.

Toynbee's brief tenure of the chair, however, and his dogged faithfulness to the precept *aud alterum partem*, were to give rise to a masterpiece in *The Western Question in Greece and Turkey*. This is without doubt one of the most remarkable books in his vast oeuvre and, even after the passage of sixty years, remains essential reading for anyone who would hope to understand the roots of the present impasse between Greece and Turkey. Moreover, at a time when the spirit of Gradgrind lies heavily over the universities, the Toynbee imbroglio is a salutary reminder of the fact that, even if he who plays the piper does not always call the tune, he all too frequently tries to.

## Sale of books and MSS

H. R. Woudhuysen

In New York on February 7 Christie's were selling the first part of the library of James Givarry (a second selection of books will be auctioned by the Swann Galleries there on March 27). By profession a concert promoter, Givarry was of Irish extraction and began collecting in the 1930s, concentrating on Irish and French literature; the modern movement and its precursors. His taste was catholic and while he was especially drawn to Joyce, Henry James and Yeats, he also found room for detective novels (a first edition of Chandler's *The Big Sleep* fetched £2,200 against an estimate of \$900), and had already begun to collect Seamus Heaney and Samuel Beckett's most recent works.

With a short foreword by Robert Milder, librarian of the Grolier Club, the New York society for bibliophiles of which Givarry was an enthusiastic and long-standing member, the catalogue is a record of a fine and essentially modest library, collected with good taste and sure judgment.

The largest part of the sale was devoted to Yeats and consisted of just over one hundred lots. In general prices were double their high estimates. As well as first editions (including Yeats's prodigiously rare first book *Mosada*, a poem, 1886, which reached \$33,000 against an estimate of \$14,000-\$18,000), and manuscripts, Givarry particularly liked to collect presentation and association copies, and many of these Yeats letters were not published by Allan Wade in his edition of the *Complete Poems* of 1957, but will go doubt be included in an Oxford edition of the complete correspondence. Of these unpublished letters most were to Yeats's own work and business acquaintances: to Frank Harris, however, he wrote a more personal view, having just finished *Life and Loves*, which he described as "a vulgar and immoral" work. Your

book makes me too full of regret that I did not live your life as well as my own" and in a letter from New York he tells the Duchess of Sutherland, "I think we poets would all write the most admirable poetry if governments would shut us up in American trains and keep us ever on the road and give us nothing but American newspapers to read."

There were a few literary manuscripts in this part of the sale, most notably a typescript of the revised acting version of *The Countess Cathleen*, with autograph notes by Yeats and Lady Gregory, which sold for \$3,500 (estimate \$3,000-\$5,000), a copy of *Deirdre*, 1907, with manuscript revisions, which also went for \$3,500, a corrected draft of the poem "The Folly of being Comforted" and a copy of "Peace" with an inscription to Ezra Pound. Pound's copy of *Reveries over Childhood*, presented by Yeats to Pound in 1916, the year of its publication, fetched \$2,200.

Givarry's second largest collection was of Henry James material, which he began to seek out in the 1930s, when James's reputation had somewhat faded. Again, Givarry was able to acquire an extraordinary number of presentation copies, first editions and letters, most of which do not appear in Leon Edel's four volumes, nor in the various other collections of James's correspondence. Among the association copies were books given to James by Turgenov, Alphonse Daudet (his *Sappho*), and H. G. Wells - *The Passionate Friends* (an unpublished presentation copy of their later quarrel), given in 1913. Apart from a presentation copy of his second book *Transatlantic Sketches*, published by Allan Wade in his edition of the *Complete Poems* of 1957, but will go doubt be included in an Oxford edition of the complete correspondence. Of these unpublished letters most were to Yeats's own work and business acquaintances: to Frank Harris, however, he wrote a more personal view, having just finished *Life and Loves*, which he described as "a vulgar and immoral" work. Your

quotations in the catalogue, included one sending the first instalment of *The American* to the *Atlantic Weekly* in 1876 and one giving his impressions of London.

Finally, the Joyce items were particularly rich and important and they fetched correspondingly high prices. Givarry's presentation copy of the first edition of *Ulysses*, printed on Dutch handmade paper, fetched \$35,000, against an estimate of \$20,000-\$30,000. An autograph copy of thirty-three of the thirty-six poems in *Chamber Music* fetched \$90,000, against an estimate of \$4,500-\$6,500, and twenty-four heavily revised pages of "The Mookse and the Grippe" episode from *Finnegans Wake*, which appeared in *Transition* magazine fetched \$120,000, against an estimate of \$20,000-\$30,000.

Among the French items in the sale were letters, first editions and presentation copies from Flaubert, Gide, Huysmans, Mallarmé, Proust and Valéry. There were some fine and very pathetic letters from Claire ("any thing quieter and melancholy suits me if I could get my head right I should do for it I could read or write or even remember what I have done or know I feel as myself I should do, but to be in this waking dream is almost unbearable"), and from Christopher Smart, written to Dr Burney from the King's Bench Prison which sold for \$7,500. Walter Pater's rather grotesque advice to Arthur Symonds on the publication of his first book of poems failed to reach its estimate of \$700-\$900, and was sold for \$630. Four quite weighty letters from Gerard Manley Hopkins to an Anglican priest, which were expected to go for as much as \$6,000, went for \$4,000. A presentation copy of Evelyn Waugh's *Essay on the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood* inscribed to his teacher J. F. Roxburgh ("this insignificant and much misprinted essay from an old but still grateful pupil" fetched \$6,500. These prices do not include the buyer's premium.

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The October 1985 issue of the *Yale University Library Gazette* (ISSN 0044 0175) is largely taken up with considerations of the remains of a fifteenth-century schoolmaster's book now in the Beinecke Library at Yale. It was written originally perhaps in Lincolnshire, and Linda Voights and Barbara Shailor describe its recovery from a neglected box of miscellaneous manuscript fragments. In another article, Nicholas Orme writes more generally about the teaching of Latin in grammar schools in England during the later Middle Ages.

D. McK.